

BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

BUT lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell,—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb !

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy, and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, are all
asied
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

This view from the left bank of the Tiber
discloses the Castle of St. Angelo on the right,
with its bridge in the centre. This bridge, al-
though seen here in front, is in the rear of the
mighty Cathedral of St. Peter, which, with its
wondrous dome, is seen towering aloft in
stately majesty.

The Childe, after weeping over the many
woes of Italia, turns to his long-sought shrine,
beloved Rome ! the city of his soul !

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of Beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,

On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy dis-
tress.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and
see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers ; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her dis-
tress.

THE DEVOTED.

Who says that the heroic stirs no longer
In this our English life ;
That in rude times men's frames and hearts were
stronger,
Their souls in faith more rife ;
That luxury has sapped the deep foundation
On which alone is based
What makes a great man, and a mighty nation ;
The noble deed, and lofty aspiration,
Like giants, in a pigmy population,
Seem monstrous and misplaced ?

Whoso says this makes falsehood more than
truth,
Good weak, and evil strong,
Sets forceful manhood under stormy youth,
Asserts God's rule is wrong.
Our heart revolts against the withering creed ;
And though our eyes were blind,
There shines an inner-light by which we read
It is not, and could never be decreed,
Ill should on good, not good on ill succeed—
Or woe to human kind ?

And if sight fail, and if that inner light
Darkling, at times, appear,
Out of the war, where good and evil fight
(Our fainting faith to cheer,)
Some champion of the Right, when cowards fly,
Restores the battle still ;
Still rears his spotless flag against the sky,
Still shouts aloud his glorious rallying cry,
Still shows how soldiers of the faith can die,
Victors o'er World and Will.

Such champions our England still has found,
When needed, aye at hand,
Sneerer, put off thy sneer, and look around,
Behold them where they stand !
Where storm-winds rave, and sunless skies lie
dark

About the Arctic shore,
Devoted Franklin and his sailors mark,
Wrestling with death upon their ice-bound bark,
Wandering anon—then frozen stiff, and stark,
But suffering no more.

Look southward now—the wounded of our foes
Strew Alma's bloody plain,
The victors march upon the battle's close,

But one wills to remain.
A man we knew not—never thought to know—
Who what he can will try.
Moving among that mass of pain and woe,
Upon his work of mercy, to and fro,
He used his life in succoring the foe.
Then sought his friends—to die!

I said “one willed to stay”—I was unjust;
He did not stay alone.
A soldier servant shared the ghastly trust—
His name, ev'n, is unknown,
And there in faith and love and duty strong,
Among that writhing host
Of enemies, all day and all night long,
Defying chance of violence or wrong,
To entomb the dead, and help the living throng—
These two men held their post!

Nor to men only such heroic mould
Of heart is given.
See yonder band of women—young and old—
No nuns, yet brides of Heaven;
Forsaking all that to their sex is dear—
Some wealth,—all, home and ease—
Womanly pity chasing woman's fear,
They go to bind lopped limbs, pale heads to
rear,
And with soft touch, and softer speech to cheer
Our sufferers o'er the seas!

If England have aught good, 'tis that she knows
Due reverence to give
To those who die in duty's work, and those
For duty's work who live.
Grieving for all that these great dead have borne,
All these great living bear.
We know they die and suffer to adorn
Life with examples—such as, though we mourn,
In our hearts and our children's shall be worn
While men breathe English air!

Punch.

From the Churchman.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

With every earthly blessing crowned,
Upheld by heavenly grace,
While smiling plenty decks the ground,
And health adorns each face;
Each face that makes our home's delight,
With joy all day,—with peace at night,—
And scarce one unfulfilled desire,
To which our craving hearts aspire;
With fame perhaps—and guardons won;—
This is God's will—in kindness done!

If some things pleasant be denied,
And heavenly favors fail;
Less bountiful the harvest's pride,
Or some dear cheek grow pale;
A little clouding of delight,
A care by day, a watch by night;
And, ah! such unfulfilled desire,
Till even hope begins to tire;
Fame!—'twas a breath! no trophies won—
It is Thy will—“Thy will be done!”

A wilder sky—a darker day—
O heavenly strength, forsake not now!

The corn and wine are swept away,
And anguish makes the strong man bow!
Dear faces, too, our home's delight,
Are gone!—our day is turned to night;—
In dust is hid each fond desire,
And hopes lie on the funeral pyre;
Friends, fame, and joy, and guardons won,
Vanished—Oh, God! “Thy will be done!”

Old, weary—yet in mercy crowned
With Heaven's sustaining grace;
If plenty clothe, or leave, the ground,
What matter? Short thy space!
Look forward to that home's delight,
Where never more comes on the night;
Where all fulfilled each high desire,
To which thy heart could e'er aspire:
The vanished found,—the haven won,—
If here, as there, “His will be done!”

W. W. M.

Boston, Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

“YE SUBALTERNS IN ENGLAND.”
From TUFF, of the Fusiliers in the Crimea, to
MUFF, of the Grenadiers, at St. James's.
Ye subalterns in England,
Who live a life of ease,
How little do ye think upon
Our sufferings o'er the seas,
To sup, lunch, dine, and lunch again,
Upon fried pork we go,
And three deep, we've to sleep,
In the trenches, all a-row
With the batteries roaring loud and long,
Four hundred guns or so!

The ghosts of clothing colonels
Would shudder in their graves;
For no two of us are rigged the same,
And scarce a fellow shaves.
Light cavalry and heavy swell
Black as coal-heavers show;
You can keep clean so cheap,
But here a tub's no go;
For water you've to shell out strong,
And then it's salt, you know.

Out here we need no boot-jacks,
For in our boots we sleep,
One never sees a dressing-case,
And hair-brushes are cheap.
Duce a cigar one gets to smoke;
Short pipes we're glad to blow;
And we floor rum from store,
As we can't have Bordeaux—
The point is, something short and strong,
Although it may be low.

But round the flag of England
We'll our last cartridge burn,
Till we have made the Russians smart,
And victors home return.
Then, when, as veteran warriors,
At fête and ball we show,
With the fame of our name,
The ladies' hearts will glow,
And while you swells are voted bores,
The pace, oh, shan't we go!

Punch.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Speeches by the Right Honorable T. B. Macaulay, M. P., corrected by himself. 8vo. London, 1854.

[A considerable number of pages at the beginning of this article is taken up by a discussion of the right of a London publisher to issue reports of these Speeches, without the writer's consent;—and by a critical attack upon the said publisher's edition of them. This we omit.]

The question may, perhaps, be asked, 'But which is the more authentic form of the two?' It appears that Mr. Macaulay corrected *nine* of the speeches within a few days of their delivery, and these are given correctly in both editions. For the remainder, Mr. Macaulay says, he has given the 'substance of the speeches with perfect ingenuousness.' More than this it is plain, that none of the reports ever gave, *for they differ from one another as much as Mr. Macaulay's version from them.*—Indeed, in no shorthand report, for the newspapers, can more than this general fidelity be maintained, if, as in Mr. Macaulay's case, a speaker be very rapid. He assures us, that very able shorthand writers have complained that they could not follow him.' We cannot but think, also, (though we speak only from conjecture,) that Mr. Macaulay's present issue of the speeches which he did not correct for the 'Mirror of Parliament,' or the 'Parliamentary Debates,' has sometimes had the advantage of certain fragments of manuscript or jottings of notes, with which he aided his memory at the time of preparation, and which he has discovered in some 'ancient crypt.' Of these speeches generally, however, he says he 'does not pretend to give with accuracy, the diction of those which he did not himself correct within a week after they were delivered; but we can easily credit the truth of what follows:—'Many expressions, and a few paragraphs, linger in my memory, though the rest, including much that had been carefully premeditated, is irrecoverably lost.'—'Many expressions,'—though connectives and forms of construction be gone—we can readily conceive have been faithfully reproduced; for it is a characteristic of men of ardent imagination and tenacious memory, that even unwritten felicities of thought and expression are almost never forgotten. The words or phrases which carry the thought are remembered, though the structure of sentences may be varied. We believe that Robert Hall, in this way, sometimes reproduced every essential characteristic of certain sermons, (varying the construction only) which he had not preached for years.

While the style of those speeches which Mr. Macaulay has here corrected for the first time, is infinitely more his own, than that of the reported speeches, he assures us the substance is faithfully given. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the manly declaration which he makes on this subject:—

'The substance of the remaining speeches I have given with perfect ingenuousness. I have not made alterations for the purpose of saving my own reputation, either for consistency or for foresight. I have not softened down the strong terms in which I formerly expressed opinions which time and thought may have modified; nor have I retouched my predictions, in order to make them correspond with subsequent events. Had I represented myself as speaking, in 1831, in 1840, or in 1845, as I should speak, in 1853, I should have deprived my book of its chief value. This volume is now at least a strictly honest record of opinions and reasonings which were heard, with favor, by a large part of the Commons of England, at some important conjunctures; and such a record, however low it may stand in the estimation of the literary critic, cannot but be of use to the historian.*'

For ourselves, we have been equally delighted with the manner and the matter of these speeches. They are wonderful, not merely as compositions, but as specimens of true deliberative eloquence; and equally admirable for the just, and often deep, practical, political philosophy, with which they are everywhere imbued.

We are aware it is the opinion of some folks, who, if they see some one faculty in a very variously endowed mind signally predominant, imagine that the others must not only be relatively, but *absolutely*, inferior—who, in short, have a difficulty in judging of the *tout ensemble* of all its qualities—that Mr. Macaulay is too imaginative—too profuse in illustration—too stately—*too this*, and *too that*, to admit of his attaining the highest excellences of the true oratorical style,—of that style which Aristotle calls the *λέξις δημοστρούχη*, and of which, by general consent, Demosthenes is the most perfect, if not the sole perfect example. As it is not given to any man to be equally every thing, so it would not be wonderful if Mr. Macaulay, having been for the most part engaged in a very different kind of composition, or rather in several different kinds of composition (in all of which he has exhibited a singular facility,) and, having given to his oratorical talents no exclusive development, had encountered the usual fortunes of the pentathlete, and sacrificed, in some degree, concentration of power, in one form, for varied excellence in many. But, on the whole, we must profess our conviction, that it is rather

* Preface, p. xii.

the skilful *adaptation* to the requirements of the true oratorical style which these speeches display, than any failure in that respect, that ought to surprise us. It is not the similarity between the style of this volume and that of the 'Essays,' or the 'History,' that so much strikes us, (at least, in a very large proportion of passages,) as the degree in which the first differs from the second, in obedience to the flexibility, the vivacity, the energy which the spoken style in a deliberative assembly demands.*

The general and very undeniable, common-places of criticism as to the truest style of oratory, we should be the last to dispute; and this Journal, where they have been so constantly contended for, would be the last place wherein to dispute them. The characteristics of that style,—its impatience of the abstract and the ornate; its demand that philosophy should be used only to minister to the *practical*, lend its wisdom without parade, and even without the expansion into which, when there is *no* parade, a philosophic mind (like that of Burke, for example,) loves to wander; its parsimony of imagery, except where the illustrations themselves are the flashes of passion, or can be held in solution in metaphor; its business-like point and brevity, to the utmost limit at which brevity can consist with perspicuity; its uniform preference of energy to elegance, whether of conception or expression; and its rejection of all elegance *merely* as such, and except so far as it is a more pleasurable, and therefore more effectual vehicle of conveying instruction or insinuating argument; its ever-varied flow—rapid or gentle—placid or rough—breaking into foam, or murmuring between peaceful banks, just as the course of the channel offers obstructions which chafe passion or invite the unimpeded and tranquil flow of sympathy; its flexible adaptation to the whole play of emotion, whatever that may be; its rapid changes of construction; its speaking pauses; its vivacious apostrophes; its questions which carry their own answer; its suppressions more eloquent than speech; changes if we may so say, all responsive to the varying attitudes and gestures of mind, and (where eloquence is perfect) reflected again in answering variations of voice, and feature, and action:—these are some of the characteristics of that eloquence, the analysis of which is as

* It is perhaps true that a less violent transition would be necessary to Mr. Macaulay than to many in passing from one style to the other. He has written history in a form which, without sacrificing any dignity which in any intelligible sense belongs to such composition, has much of the animation of the happiest popular eloquence. He has shown that a stiff and formal air, and scorn of vivacious details, are happily not essential to the dignity of the Historic Muse.

difficult as the description of the physical changes which pass in alternate light and shadow over a speaking countenance; but it is recognized the moment it is heard, just as the latter is interpreted the moment it is seen.

If a popular deliberative assembly is impatent (as it always will be) of redundant philosophy or exuberant imagery, even when the first has the genuine qualities of philosophy, and the other the appropriate grace of poetry, it need hardly be said, that it will reject with double disgust the ambitious affectation of either; the parade of profound or subtle thought without the reality, and the meretricious ornament which juvenility and inexperience are apt to mistake for eloquence. But let the deviation from the truest eloquence be from what cause it will, whether from powers of argument or imagination, great indeed but misapplied, or simply from a ridiculous caricature of the very qualities thus mocked, the reasons for which a deliberative assembly resents any such deviation are obvious; it is because it is a deliberative assembly, bent on business, having grave and weighty interests to deal with, and hard practical knots to untie. What is strictly *ad rem*, and uttered under the influence of natural feeling, can alone secure its permanent attention, and is sure to do so.*

But fully conceding the characteristics of the style which Aristotle has analyzed, and Demosthenes exemplified, we are to recollect that even these may be exhibited with equal *nature* in different men, though within very different limits. They will vary not only with the age, the country, the assembly, but quite as much with the *intellectual character* of the individual speaker, and yet the qualities in question may be exhibited strictly within the sphere of nature.

Take, for example, the imaginative element. We have spoken of the parsimony with which the true orator uses it; but this respects rather the forms imagination assumes than the frequency of its exercise, or affects its frequency only when a single thought is superfluously illustrated. Ten illustrations of one point would be intolerable; but ten illustrations of as many points is a very different matter. There are some minds so' imaginative, so' apt to seize analogies, (Burke's for example,) that with them to think is almost

* Of all the deliberative bodies ever assembled, the House of Commons is perhaps the most fastidious in this respect. It will concede liberal indulgence to knowledge, simplicity, and nature, with whatsoever defects of manner associated,—though it will (these being presupposed) naturally and justly value every degree of approach to the perfection of the true style of the highest practical eloquence.

to think in metaphor. They invent every moment a more vivid, symbolical language of their own than common terms supply. Now, will an orator of this stamp, however faithfully he may exemplify the principles we have been advocating, employ no *more* metaphors than a man in other respects of equal powers, but inferior here? The notion is of course absurd. If he feather the shaft with more than will carry it home—if he express his images in the garish colors or exuberant forms of the poet, he has committed a grave error; and no doubt that a temptation to do this will be one of the things against which such a constitution of mind will have to guard. But he may use most abundant metaphor, and be quite blameless. Hence, as we have said, the *extent* to which the use of the imagination is resorted to, even in the severest eloquence, will be a question of limits. As the natural effect of passion is to stimulate that in common with every other faculty, it will be stimulated in proportion as it is possessed; and if that which kindles it be indeed the inspiration of nature and genuine feeling, its more frequent manifestation will not offend; in that case, it is Nature that speaks, and she will vindicate herself by the *forms* she assumes. For though the dialects of Nature are many, her language is one.

Temperate as is the style of Demosthenes in this respect, we apprehend that if we could appreciate *all* the metaphors which lurk unsuspected in what now appear common terms, if we could detect every latent trope, every novel application of a familiar idiom, just as the ear of a native Greek could, we should find many a passage lighted up with a phosphorescent lustre of imagination where we now little suspect it; animated with a life which, circulating in the words themselves, and not disclosed to us by the formalities of simile, the 'cold obstruction' of a dead language conceals from us. We see only the outlines of the figures on the tapestry; the vivid colors have paled by time.

Take, again, the undeniably true principle, that the object of the orator being conviction and persuasion, and even conviction only that he may persuade; pleasure *as such*, however refined, is not to be sought independently of the end aimed at; nor at all, *except* as energy and harmony—striking images—'apt words in apt places' are, though employed for another and a higher purpose, necessarily productive of pleasure, and, by being grateful, aid attention and facilitate the admission of argument; still, how wide are the limits, within which that maxim may be acted on with equal honesty, varied only by the powers of the speaker, not by the demands of style! Up to the stated limit the severest style admits of such pleasurable accessories; beyond it, the

excitement of pleasure is felt to be foreign, and the ornaments intended to effect it, however grateful in themselves, a correct taste at once pronounces to be meretricious. We repeat, that the problem is one of limits, dependant on the qualities of mind in the speaker. With equal honesty of purpose, with equal intention of saying nothing merely to afford a delight alien from the purpose in hand, with equal desire to subordinate the very pleasure which an appropriate vehicle of thought, not only *will*, but *must* produce, how different will be the degree of pleasure which the compositions of different men inspire; and how much more effective, *because* a more pleasurable vehicle of thought, will be the one than the other!

No orator is to speak for the sake of producing pleasure; no orator is to speak (so far as possible) without producing pleasure! A nice distinction, some will think; and some, perhaps, a downright paradox. Yet it is easily explained; for it simply means that the pleasurable is only to be aimed at by the orator for the sake of an *ulterior* end,—not for its own sake as an *ultimate* end. As Aristotle says in his introduction to his analysis of those qualities which ought to distinguish the true style of eloquence. 'It is naturally delightful to all men to receive instruction in forms which give pleasure.' Now strictly adhering to this maxim, we say that conformity to it may be very variously exemplified by different orators; that is, that the application of the rule is still a question of limits. There is a point beyond which we can say that the object which ought to have been *merely* involved in a higher one, has been made more or less the principle, and therefore an offence has been committed; but still the limits are not inconsiderable *within* which no such faults are chargeable, and where the difference of pleasure from different styles of eloquence is inconceivably great.

Take, for example, the appropriate pleasure given by a flexible and harmonious style. Prose has its music as well as verse; not *like* that of verse, indeed, for one of its very excellences is freedom from everything which shall even remind the ear of metrical arrangement,—of aught that may suggest the idea of jingle or rhyme. Yet it has its characteristic melody not less than poetry itself; not that of the lyre or lute, which so easily 'weds itself to immortal verse,'—of measured cadences and complex harmony; but a wild and free, ever pleasant though ever varying music like that of Nature; like that of the whispering winds and falling waters,—such as is heard by mountain streams or in the leafy woods of summer. Not less than poetry itself has prose its sweet and equable, its impetuous and rapid flow; its full and majestic harmonies, its abrupt transitions, its impressive pauses, its

grateful though not regularly recurring cadence.

Now the effect on the minds of hearers, in fixing attention, in stimulating the memory and every other faculty, will immeasurably vary with the degree in which prose attains its appropriate excellences in different styles of an equally genuine eloquence; though in all, the aim with which it will be employed, and the kind and degree of pleasure it will impart, will be specifically different from those of verse. The human mind,—the mind of the uneducated as well as of the cultured,—is so constituted as to enjoy those excellences, and, by enjoying, to have every faculty to which the orator wishes to gain access for the purpose of operating conviction or persuasion *legitimately* stimulated. The pleasure, like that which is found in many instances of a beneficial complexity in the ends contemplated by Nature (as in that of the palate as subordinated to digestion), is not a separate, nor the ultimate thing, but auxiliary to another and ulterior design. When wholesome food is relished, that very enjoyment is subservient to healthy digestion; and this may illustrate the pleasure which legitimate eloquence should impart; when the palate is tickled by dainties at the expense of the stomach, we are reminded of the error of meretricious oratory.

But still the degree in which the *pulchrum* may be made legitimately to conspire with the *utile* is a question of limits which will be differently resolved by different minds, and whether more perfectly or less, will depend both on their own structure, and on the taste and culture of the hearers.

No doubt the great leading principle which should determine the whole code of rhetorical maxims must be derived from the *design* of such compositions; and if a man carefully bears that in mind, he will rarely fail in at least avoiding faults, if he has not the faculties which justify him in aspiring to the higher excellences of the oratorical art. But the point which we are more particularly desirous of illustrating is this,—that where there *are* such powers, the legitimate pleasure which their exercise will give will be very different in different men.—To employ one more illustration. If men, instead of the ordinary mode of writing, were to adopt a system like the picture-writing of ancient Mexico, there would be no doubt infinite degrees of the better and the worse in its exhibition,—approximations to a certain ideal “perfection of style.” That which should give the symbols the elaborate finish and perfect detail of ordinary painting would certainly not be that “perfection,” because another end than that of the painter’s art ought to be contemplated. It would be as great a mistake, and of the same kind, to at-

tempt to engrraft the appropriate pleasures of poetry on eloquence. Still, just as in the employment of imagery, or of the various music of prose, by the orator, there would be no inconsiderable range in which the writers of such symbols might evince varying skill. Without wishing to give them any of the illegitimate attractions of the pictorial art, or doing anything *except* for the purpose (as Aristotle says) of making “comprehension more easy,” by making it more “pleasant,”—they might, by a thousand graces, and with no more time and effort than an inferior artist would expend, render the meaning more clear or more impressive, more distinct or more vivid.

If we examine these speeches of Mr. Macaulay, not simply by some abstract canons of ideal perfection in oratorical style, which scarcely any man has exemplified, but by a due reference to the variable limits imposed by the variable structure of different minds,—limits within which the conditions of that style may be adequately complied with,—we must again profess our surprise at the degree in which many of these speeches fulfil those conditions. We have no scruple in saying they will in that respect sustain comparison with any speeches with which the whole range of British oratory has supplied us.

The orator whom Mr. Macaulay most resembles—and it must strike every reader—is Edmund Burke. We may go a step further; we affirm that measured by the usual practical tests—some we will shortly mention—these speeches, merely as *speeches*, are superior to those of Burke. Glowing with the characteristics of mind which distinguished Burke, Mr. Macaulay in the main has attained a far closer approximation to what the style of deliberative eloquence demands than Burke did; has exerted a more successful control over the splendid powers which may so easily, in relation to eloquence, allure into “splendida vita;” and subordinated more rigorously the entire elements of his mind to the duties and functions of the public speaker. Inspired, like Burke, with the spirit of political philosophy, he more discreetly limits the “circuit of its musings,” and makes it the servant, not the master of his eloquence; equally affluent in vivid and original imagery,—imagery which, like that of Burke, is fed by sources almost boundless, and to which every realm of human knowledge is made tributary;—he has, in no case, fallen into the extravagancies into which Burke’s daring genius not seldom hurried him. Possessed like Burke of an imperial command over all the treasures of the English language, Mr. Macaulay in the best passages of his speeches has attained, if not the ever various, flexible ease of his great prototype, yet greater point, condensation, and energy than it would be easy to parallel from Burke’s most successful speeches.

Whatever the resemblances, and they are very striking, between the speeches of Burke and those of Mr. Macaulay, nothing can more clearly show what we have said as to the greater adaptation of the latter to the conditions of effective deliberative eloquence, than the contrast between the impatience with which the House listened to Burke, at least in his latter years, and the hearty welcome which it has always accorded to Mr. Macaulay. If this be not the solution, then all that can be said is, that the House of Commons must be a very different assembly from what it was in the time of the elder orator. Burke often managed to empty the House: Mr. Macaulay, if it be known that he is likely to speak, never fails to fill it. If the benches are empty when he begins, no sooner is it known that he is speaking, than numbers flock in, and hang on his accents with breathless attention. Certainly he does not want the testimonies to signal eloquence enumerated by Cicero, "coronam multiplicem, judicium erectum, crebrar. assensiones, multas admirationes." Another, and perhaps more effective proof of the power of his speeches is, that they have generally had an immediate effect in shaping the course of the debate; sometimes an appreciable, and, in one or two cases, if we are correctly informed, a decisive effect on the instant judgment of the House.*

* Success, if we except the rare case of immediately triumphing over adverse prejudices, is always a problematical proof of oratorical skill. The divinest eloquence, if the truth it urges be unwelcome, will too often stand little chance against *ad captandum* fallacies, which the prejudices and foregone conclusions of an audience will make them hug to their bosoms, and applaud to the echo. Just as a general may exhibit the highest strategical and tactical skill, and yet be defeated by contingencies over which he had no control, and of which no human sagacity could have made him prescient; so the orator may often encounter prejudices against which the most cogent argument and the most powerful motives may be directed in vain; and none know this better than the *sacred orator*! For this reason we have always so much admired the definition of rhetoric given by Aristotle. "It is not," says he, "the art which teaches us *how to persuade*, but *how to put together the things which on a given subject and occasion ought to persuade, or which are best calculated to persuade*;" οὐ τὸ πείσαι ἀλλὰ τὸ ιδεῖν τὰ βιτρχόντα πιθανὰ τεπλ ἔκαστον.

The ease with which any orator may win golden opinions from an audience to whom he addresses only what flatters their vanity, or coincides with their wishes; and the agreeable "exaltation" which attends the operation, are most amusingly ridiculed by Socrates in the Menexenus. The task, he says, of the public orators appointed to pronounce the public panegyrics on those who had deserved well of their country, is easy enough. He describes in an exquisitely

Two errors of Burke, into which many great speakers besides Burke have fallen, Mr. Macaulay has discreetly avoided. It was not solely the excess of disquisition and illustration, of ill-timed wisdom and profuse imagery, which made the House impatient of Burke's speeches; it was as much the too frequent obtrusion of himself on the House, and his excessive length. Both these are serious errors. Mr. Macaulay is chargeable with neither. His appearances have been in the estimate of his audience only too infrequent, and have ever been most welcome. His speeches have generally been of very moderate dimensions compared with many of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Brougham, and many other of our greater orators. The generality of those in the present volume little exceed twenty pages; many, and yet on large subjects, are considerably under that. One, and only one,—on a very vast theme, the Government of India, (1833)—extends to forty pages. There is one also of thirty pages; of the rest none exceed twenty-five.

As to the *chefs d'œuvre* of most of our other orators, they have come down to us in so mutilated a form, that it is difficult to make any comparison of merit. We hardly know what Charles James Fox was in his very highest moods, so imperfectly has he been reported; though we hold it certain that he possessed more of the ancient *δεινότης*—of the essential characteristics of Demosthenes—than any other orator England has produced. We think so in spite of Lord Brougham's remarks on the differences between them, which after all affect rather the form than soul of their eloquence. But the bulk of his reported speeches give, it must be confessed, but faint traces of the astonishing powers which all tradition has ascribed to him. We must say the same of Pitt. It may seem to many almost like profanity to say so, but we find the generality of their re-

ironical vein the pleasing self-inflation under which, as he pretends, he always listened to the encomiums on his country and his countrymen. Somehow, he tells us, they always sent him away thinking himself a far finer, nobler, and even *taller* fellow than he was! The pleasing delusion, he avers sometimes remained with him for so long as four or even five days, during which he thought himself "in the islands of the blest." When Menexenus pitied the condition of a certain panegyrist, who is likely not to be appointed in time to make due preparation, Socrates says, "How so, my fine fellow? These folks are always provided with speeches ready made; and if not, it would not be difficult to extemporize on such subjects. If indeed it were required to eulogize the Athenians among the Spartans, or the Spartans among the Athenians, a persuasive and plausible orator would be required sure enough."

ported speeches desperately tedious reading. Of the speeches which have been more perfectly transmitted to us, revised like these of Mr. Macaulay by the speakers themselves, we know of none from which passages more happily combining all the characteristics of genuine deliberative eloquence could be produced than many in this volume. If challenged to justify the assertion, we should not hesitate to accept the challenge; we do not believe it possible to produce from any speaker passages which better exemplify the style we have been speaking of than the following extracts. We deliberately pit them, not merely for splendor of imagery or expression—but for argument, point, nervous energy, vivacity, variety, against any the doubter shall confront with them. Nor are they always the most powerful we could produce; some we pass by for the reasons for which Mr. Macaulay has reluctantly published them, and some because they cannot be easily torn from the context.

We will commence with an extract from the speech on the "Sugar Duties." He thus powerfully exposes the inconsistency of those—many of them, by the way, had been advocates of slavery to the very last—who had qualms about the admission of slave-grown sugar from Brazil, and none about that of slave-grown cotton, tobacco, and rice from America:—

Observe, I am not disputing the paramount authority of moral obligation. I am not setting up pecuniary considerations against moral considerations. I know that it would be not only a wicked, but a short-sighted policy, to aim at making a nation like this great and prosperous by violating the laws of justice. To those laws, enjoin what they may, I am prepared to submit. But I will not palter with them; I will not cite them to-day in order to serve one turn, and quibble them away to-morrow in order to serve another. I will not have two standards of right; one to be applied when I wish to protect a favorite interest at the public cost, and another to be applied when I wish to replenish the exchequer, and to give an impulse to trade. I will not have two weights or two measures. I will not blow hot and cold, play fast and loose, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Can the Government say as much? Are gentlemen opposite prepared to act in conformity with their own principles? They need not look long for opportunities. The Statute-book swarms with enactments directly opposed to the rule which they profess to respect. I will take a single instance from our existing laws, and propound it to the gentlemen opposite as a test, if I must not say of their sincerity, yet of their power of moral discrimination. Take the article of tobacco. Not only do you admit the tobacco of the United States, which is grown by slaves; not only do you admit the tobacco of Cuba, which is grown by slaves, and by slaves, as you tell us, recently imported from Africa; but you actually interdict the free laborers of the United Kingdom from growing tobacco. You

have long had in your Statute-book laws prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in England, and authorizing the Government to destroy all tobacco plantations, except a few square yards, which are suffered to exist unmolested in botanical gardens, for purposes of science. These laws did not extend to Ireland. The free peasantry of Ireland began to grow tobacco. The cultivation spread fast. Down came your legislation upon it; and now, if the Irish freeman dares to engage in competition with the slaves of Virginia and Havanna, you exchequer him; you ruin him; you grub up his plantation. Here, then, we have a test by which we may try the consistency of the gentlemen opposite. I ask you, are you prepared, I do not say to exclude slave-grown tobacco, but to take away from slave-grown tobacco the monopoly which you now give to it, and to permit the free laborer of the United Kingdom to enter into competition on equal terms, on any terms, with the negro who works under the lash? I am confident that the three right honorable gentlemen opposite, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the late President of the Board of Trade, will all with one voice answer "No." And why not? "Because," they say, "it will injure the revenue. True, it is," they will say, "that the tobacco imported from abroad is grown by slaves, and by slaves many of whom have been recently carried across the Atlantic, in defiance, not only of justice and humanity, but of law and treaty. True it is that the cultivators of the United Kingdom are freemen. But then on the imported tobacco we are able to raise at the Custom House a duty of six hundred per cent., sometimes indeed of twelve hundred per cent.; and, if tobacco were grown here, it would be difficult to get an excise duty of even a hundred per cent. We cannot submit to this loss of revenue; and, therefore, we must give a monopoly to the slave-holder, and make it penal in the freeman to invade that monopoly." You may be right; but in the name of common sense be consistent. If this moral obligation, of which you talk so much, be one which may with propriety yield to fiscal considerations, let us have Brazilian sugars. If it be paramount to all fiscal considerations, let us at least have British snuff and cigars.—(Pp. 341-343.)

A page or two further on occurs one of the most vivid pictures of the horrors of slavery ever presented to the public mind. Would to God every member of the American Union would read and ponder it!

Then a new distinction is set up. The United States, it is said, have slavery; but they have no slave trade. I deny that assertion. I say that the sugar and cotton of the United States are the fruits, not only of slavery, but of the slave trade. And I say further, that, if there be on the surface of this earth a country which, before God and man, is more accountable than any other for the misery and degradation of the African race, that country is not Brazil, the produce of which the right honorable baronet excludes, but the United States, the produce of

which he proposes to admit on more favorable terms than ever. I have no pleasure in going into an argument of this nature. I do not conceive that it is the duty of a member of the English Parliament to discuss abuses which exist in other societies. Such discussion seldom tends to produce any reform of such abuses, and has a direct tendency to wound national pride, and to inflame national animosities. I would willingly avoid this subject; but the right honorable baronet leaves me no choice. . . . I affirm, then, that there exists in the United States a slave trade, not less odious or demoralizing, nay, I do in my conscience believe more odious and more demoralizing, than that which is carried on between Africa and Brazil. North Carolina and Virginia are to Louisiana and Alabama what Congo is to Rio Janiero. The slave States of the Union are divided into two classes—the breeding States, where the human beasts of burden increase and multiply, and become strong for labor, and the sugar and the cotton States, to which those beasts of burden are sent to be worked to death. To what an extent the traffic in man is carried on we may learn by comparing the census of 1830 with the census of 1840. North Carolina and Virginia are, as I have said, great breeding States. During the ten years from 1830 to 1840 the slave population of North Carolina was almost stationary. The slave population of Virginia positively decreased. Yet, both in North Carolina and Virginia, propagation was, during those ten years, going on fast. The number of births among the slaves in those States exceeded by hundreds of thousands the number of the deaths. What then became of the surplus? Look to the returns from the Southern States, and from the States whose produce the right honorable baronet proposes to admit with reduced duty or with no duty at all, and you will see. You will find that the increase in the breeding States was barely sufficient to meet the demand of the consuming States. In Louisiana, for example, where we know that the negro population is worn down by cruel toil, and would not, if left to itself, keep up its numbers; there were, in 1830, 107,000 slaves; in 1840, 170,000. In Alabama, the slave population during those ten years much more than doubled; it rose from 117,000 to 233,000. In Mississippi it actually tripled. It rose from 65,000 to 195,000. So much for the extent of this slave trade. And as to its nature, ask any Englishman who has ever travelled in the Southern States. Jobbers go about from plantation to plantation, looking out for proprietors who are not easy in their circumstances, and who are likely to sell cheap. A black boy is picked up here, and a black girl there. The dearest ties of nature and of marriage are torn asunder as rudely as they were ever torn asunder by any slave captain on the coast of Guinea. A gang of three or four hundred negroes is made up; and then these wretches, handcuffed, fettered, guarded by armed men, are driven southward as you would drive, or rather as you would not drive, a herd of oxen to Smithfield, that they may undergo the deadly labor of the sugar mill at the mouth of the Mississippi. A very few years of that labor in that

climate suffice to send the stoutest African to his grave. But he can well be spared. While he is fast sinking into premature old age, negro boys in Virginia are growing up as fast into vigorous manhood, to supply the void which cruelty is making in Louisiana. God forbid that I should extenuate the horrors of the slave trade in any form! But I do think this its worst form. Bad enough it is that civilized men should sail to an uncivilized quarter of the world where slavery exists, should there buy wretched barbarians, and should carry them away to labor in a distant land; bad enough! But that a civilized man, a baptized man, a man proud of being a citizen of a free state, a man frequenting a Christian church, should breed slaves for exportation, and, if the whole horrible truth must be told, should even beget slaves for exportation; should see children, sometimes his own children, gamboling around him from infancy, should watch their growth, should become familiar with their faces, and should then sell them for four or five hundred dollars a head, and send them to lead in a remote country a life which is a lingering death, a life about which the best thing that can be said is that it is sure to be short; this does, I own, excite a horror exceeding even the horror excited by that slave trade which is the curse of the African coast. And mark; I am not speaking of any rare case, of any instance of eccentric depravity. I am speaking of a trade as regular as the trade in pigs between Dublin and Liverpool, or as the trade in coals between the Tyne and the Thames.—(Pp. 344-348.)

Our next extract shall be the noble peroration to the speech on "Jewish Disabilities":—

Another charge has been brought against the Jews, not by my honorable friend the Member for the University of Oxford; he has too much learning and too much good feeling to make such a charge; but by the honorable member for Oldham, who has, I am sorry to see, quitted his place. The honorable member for Oldham tells us that the Jews are naturally a mean race, a sordid race, a money-getting race; that they are averse to all honorable callings; that they neither sow nor reap; that they have neither flocks nor herds; that usury is the only pursuit for which they are fit; that they are destitute of all elevated and amiable sentiments. Such, sir, has in every age been the reasoning of bigots. They never fail to plead in justification of persecution the vices which persecution has engendered. England has been to the Jews less than half a country; and we revile them because they do not feel for England more than a half patriotism. We treat them as slaves, and wonder that they do not regard us as brethren. We drive them to mean occupations, and then reproach them for not embracing honorable professions. We long forbade them to possess land; and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition; and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our im-

mense superiority of force; and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defence of the weak against the violence of the strong. But were they always a mere money-changing, money-getting, money-hoarding race? Nobody knows better than my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford, that there is nothing in their national character which unfits them for the highest duties of citizens. He knows that, in the infancy of civilization, when our island was as savage as New Guinea, when letters and arts were still unknown to Athens, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterwards the site of Rome, this contemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid temple, their fleets of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and their poets. What nation ever contended more manfully against overwhelming odds for its independence and religion? What nation ever in its last agonies gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by a brave despair? And if, in the course of many centuries, the oppressed descendants of warriors and sages have degenerated from the qualities of their fathers, if, while excluded from the blessings of law, and bowed down under the yoke of slavery, they have contracted some of the vices of outlaws and of slaves, shall we consider this as matter of reproach to them? Shall we not rather consider it as a matter of shame and remorse to ourselves? Let us do justice to them. Let us open to them the door of the House of Commons. Let us open to them every career in which ability and energy can be displayed. Till we have done this, let us not presume to say that there is no genius among the countrymen of Isaiah, no heroism among the descendants of the Maccabees.

"Sir — in supporting the motion of my honorable friend, I am, I firmly believe, supporting the honor and the interests of the Christian religion. I should think that I insulted that religion, if I said that it cannot stand unaided by intolerant laws. Without such laws it was established, and without such laws it may be maintained. It triumphed over the superstitions of the most refined and of the most savage nations, over the graceful mythology of Greece and the bloody idolatry of the northern forests. It prevailed over the power and policy of the Roman empire. It tamed the barbarians by whom that empire was overthrown. But all these victories were gained, not by the help of intolerance, but in spite of the opposition of intolerance. The whole history of Christianity proves that she has little indeed to fear from persecution as a foe, but much to fear from persecution as an ally. May she long continue to bless our country with her benignant influence, strong in her sublime philosophy, strong in her spotless morality, strong in those internal and external evidences to which the most powerful and comprehensive of human intellects have yielded assent, the last solace of those who have outlived every earthly hope, the last restraint of those who are raised above every earthly fear! But let

us not, mistaking her character and her interests, fight the battle of truth with the weapons of error, and endeavor to support by oppression that religion which first taught the human race the great lesson of universal charity." (Pp 121—123.)

The following is a happy exposure of one of the prevalent fallacies by which the Corn Laws were one defended. It occurs in the speech delivered at Edinburgh (1845):—

"There was a time, Gentlemen, when politicians were not ashamed to defend the Corn Laws merely as contrivances for putting the money of the many into the pockets of the few. We must (so these men reasoned) have a powerful and opulent class of grandees; that we may have such grandees, the rent of land must be kept up; and that the rent of land may be kept up, the price of bread must be kept up. There may still be people who think thus; but they wisely keep their thoughts to themselves. Nobody now ventures to say, in public, that ten thousand families ought to be put on short allowance of food in order that one man may have a fine stud and a fine picture gallery. Our monopolists have changed their ground. They have abandoned their old argument for a new argument much less invidious, but, I think, rather more absurd. Their hearts bleed for the misery of the poor laboring man. They constantly tell us that the cry against the Corn Laws has been raised by capitalists; that the capitalist wishes to enrich himself at the expense both of the landed gentry and of the working people; that every reduction of the price of food must be followed by a reduction of the wages of labor; and that if bread should cost only half what it now costs, the peasant and the artisan would be sunk in wretchedness and degradation, and the only gainers would be the mill-owners and the money-changers. It is not only by land-owners, it is not only by Tories, that this nonsense has been talked. We have heard it from men of a very different class, from demagogues, who wish to keep up the Corn Laws, merely in order that the Corn Laws may make the people miserable, and that misery may make the people turbulent. You know how assiduously those enemies of all order and all property have labored to deceive the working man into a belief that cheap bread would be a curse to him. Nor have they always labored in vain. You remember that once, even in this great and enlightened city, a public meeting called to consider the Corn Laws, was disturbed by a deluded populace. Now, for my own part, whenever I hear bigots who are opposed to all reform, and anarchists who are bent on universal destruction, join in the same cry, I feel certain that it is an absurd and mischievous cry; and surely never was there a cry so absurd and mischievous as this cry against cheap loaves. It seems strange that Conservatives, people who profess to hold new theories in abhorrence, — people who are always talking about the wisdom of our ancestors, should insist on our receiving as an undoubted truth a strange paradox never heard of from the creation of the

world till the nineteenth century. Begin with the most ancient book extant, the Book of Genesis, and come down to the parliamentary debates of 1815, and I will venture to say that you will find that, on this point, the party which affects profound reverence for antiquity and prescription has against it the unanimous voice of thirty-three centuries. If there be anything in which all peoples, nations, and languages, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, have agreed, it has been this: that the dearness of food is a great evil to the poor. Surely the arguments which are to counterbalance such a mass of authority ought to be weighty. What, then, are those arguments? I know of only one. If any gentleman is acquainted with any other, I wish that he would communicate it to us; and I will engage that he shall have a fair and full hearing. The only argument that I know of is this: that there are some countries in the world where food is cheaper than in England, and where the people are more miserable than in England. Bengal has been mentioned. But Poland is the favorite case. Whenever we ask why there should not be a free trade in corn between the Vistula and the Thames, the answer is: "Do you wish our laborers to be 'reduced to the condition of the peasants of the Vistula?'" Was such reasoning ever heard before? See how readily it may be turned against those who use it: Corn is cheaper at Cincinnati than here, but the wages of the laborer are much higher at Cincinnati than here: therefore, the lower the price of food, the higher the wages will be. This reasoning is just as good as the reasoning of our adversaries; that is to say, it is good for nothing. It is not one single cause that makes nations either prosperous or miserable. No friend of free trade is such an idiot as to say that free trade is the only valuable thing in the world; that religion, government, police, education, the administration of justice, public expenditure, foreign relations, have nothing whatever to do with the well-being of nations; that people sunk in superstition, slavery, barbarism, must be happy if they have only cheap food. These gentlemen take the most unfortunate country in the world, — a country which, while it had an independent government, had the very worst of independent governments: the sovereign a mere phantom; the nobles defying him and quarrelling with each other; the great body of the population in a state of servitude; no middle class; no manufactures; scarcely any trade, and that in the hands of Jew pedlars. Such was Poland while it was a separate kingdom. But foreign invaders came down upon it. It was conquered; it was reconquered; it was partitioned; it was repartitioned; it is now under a government of which I will not trust myself to speak. This is the country to which these gentlemen go to study the effect of low prices. When they wish to ascertain the effect of high prices, they take our own country; a country which has been, during many generations, the best governed in Europe; a country where personal slavery has been unknown during ages; a country which enjoys the blessings of a pure religion, of freedom, of order; a country long secured, by the sea, against invasion; a country in which the oldest man liv-

ing has never seen a foreign flag except as a trophy. Between these two countries our political philosophers institute a comparison. They find the Briton better off than the Pole; and they immediately come to the conclusion that the Briton is so well off because his bread is dear, and the Pole so ill off because his bread is cheap. Why, is there a single good which in this way I could not prove to be an evil, or a single evil which I could not prove to be a good? (Pp. 424—426.)

Our last illustrations shall be from the speech on the "Church of Ireland" (1845.) We only regret that our space compels us to abridge our extracts. The whole exposure of the anomalies of that most anomalous institution is deeply instructive. Mr. Macaulay at the same time frankly absolves the present generation from all responsibility for the existence of such a church, and acknowledges the improvements in its administration,—happily yet greater in 1854 than in 1845.

I cannot help thinking that the speeches of those who defend this Church suffice of themselves to prove that my views are just. For who ever heard any body defend it on its merits? Has any gentleman to-night defended it on its merits? We are told of the Roman Catholic oath, as if that oath, whatever be its meaning, whatever be the extent of the obligation which it lays on the consciences of those who take it, could possibly prove this Church to be a good thing. We are told that Roman Catholics of note, both laymen and divines, fifty years ago, declared that, if they were relieved from the disabilities under which they then lay, they should willingly see the Church of Ireland in possession of all its endowments; as if anything that anybody said fifty years ago could absolve us from the plain duty of doing what is now best for the country. . . . But is it cavils like these that a great institution should be defended? And who ever heard the Established Church of Ireland defended except by cavils like these? Who ever heard any of her advocates speak a manly and statesman-like language? Who ever heard any of her advocates say, "I defend this institution because it is a good institution; the ends for which an Established Church exists are such and such, and, I will show you that this Church attains those ends?" Nobody says this. Nobody has the hardihood to say it. What divine, what political speculator, who has written in defence of ecclesiastical establishments, ever defended such establishments on grounds which will support the Church of Ireland? What panegyric has ever been pronounced on the Churches of England and Scotland which is not a satire on the Church of Ireland? What traveller comes among us who is not moved to wonder and derision by the Church of Ireland? What foreign writer on British affairs, whether European or American, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether Conservative or Liberal, whether partial to England or prejudiced against England, ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an establishment should exist among reasonable men?

And those who speak thus of this Church speak justly. Is there anything else like it? Was there ever anything else like it? The world is full of ecclesiastical establishments, but such a portent as this Church of Ireland is nowhere to be found. Look round the Continent of Europe. Ecclesiastical establishments from the White Sea to the Mediterranean; ecclesiastical establishments from the Wolga to the Atlantic, but nowhere the Church of a small minority enjoying exclusive establishment. Look at America. There you have all forms of Christianity from Mormonism, if you call Mormonism Christianity, to Romanism. In some places you have the voluntary system. In some you have several religions connected with the state. In some you have the solitary ascendancy of a single Church. But nowhere from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn do you find the Church of a small minority exclusively established. . . . In one country alone is to be seen the spectacle of a community of eight millions of human beings with a Church which is the Church of only eight hundred thousand.

It is not necessary on this occasion to decide whether the arguments in favor of ecclesiastical establishments, or the arguments in favor of the voluntary system, be the stronger. There are weighty considerations on both sides. Balancing them as well as I can, I think that, as respects England, the preponderance is on the side of the Establishment. But as respects Ireland, there is no balancing. All the weights are in one scale.

All the arguments which incline us against the Church of England, and all the arguments which incline us in favor of the Church of England, are alike arguments against the Church of Ireland—against the Church of the few, against the Church of the wealthy, against the Church which, reversing every principle on which a Christian Church should be founded, fills the rich with its good things, and sends the hungry empty away.

One view which has repeatedly, both in this House and out of it, been taken of the Church of Ireland, seems to deserve notice. It is admitted, as, indeed, it could not well be denied, that this Church does not perform the functions which are everywhere else expected from similar institutions,—that it does not instruct the body of the people, that it does not administer religious consolations to the body of the people. But, it is said, we must regard this Church as an aggressive Church, a proselytizing Church, a Church Militant against spiritual enemies. Its office is to spread Protestantism over Munster and Connaught.

Cecil and his colleagues might naturally entertain this expectation, and might without absurdity make preparations for an event, which they regarded as in the highest degree probable. But we, who have seen this system in full operation from the year 1560 to the year 1845, ought to have been taught better, unless, indeed, we are past all teaching. Two hundred and eighty-five years has this Church been at work. What could have been done for it in the way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done? Did any other set

of bishops and priests in the world ever receive so much for doing so little? Nay, did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? Where you were one hundred years ago, where you were two hundred years ago, there you are still, not victorious over the domain of the old Faith, but painfully, and with dubious success, defending your own frontier, your own English pale. Sometimes a deserter leaves you. Sometimes a deserter steals over to you. Whether your gains or losses of this sort be the greater I do not know, nor is it worth while to inquire. On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, the zealous protestants on the other side of the House. Explain this to me on Protestant principles.

If I were a Roman Catholic I could easily account for the phenomena. If I were a Roman Catholic I should content myself with saying that the mighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth, according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He who in the old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts of heretic statesmen. But what is a Protestant to say? He holds that, through the whole of this long conflict, during which ten generations of men have been born and have died, reason and Scripture have been on the side of the Established Clergy. Tell us, then, what we are to say of this strange war, in which reason and Scripture, backed by wealth, by dignity, by the help of the civil power, have been found no match for oppressed and destitute error? The fuller our conviction that our doctrines are right, the fuller, if we are rational men, must be our conviction that our tactics have been wrong, and that we have been encumbering the cause which we meant to aid.

And this is the fruit of three centuries of Protestant archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, and rectors. And yet where is the wonder? Is this a miracle that we should stand aghast at it? Not at all. It is a result which human prudence ought to have long ago foreseen, and long ago averted. It is the natural succession of effect to cause. If you do not understand it, it is because you do not understand what the nature and operation of a Church is. There are parts of the machinery of Government which may be just as efficient when they are hated as when they are loved. An army, a navy, a preventive service, a police force, may do their work whether the public feeling be with them or against them. Whether we dislike the Corn Laws or not, your custom-houses and your coast guard keep out foreign corn. The multitude at Manchester was not the less effectually dispersed by the yeomanry, because the interference of the yeomanry excited the bitterest indignation. There the object was to produce a material effect; the material

means were sufficient, and nothing more was required. But a Church exists for moral ends. A Church exists to be loved, to be reverenced, to be heard with docility, to reign in the understandings and hearts of men. A Church which is abhorred is useless, or worse than useless; and to quarter a hostile church on a conquered people, as you would quarter a soldiery, is therefore the most absurd of mistakes. This mistake our ancestors committed. They posted a Church in Ireland just as they posted garrisons in Ireland. The garrisons did their work. They were disliked. But that mattered not. They had their forts and their arms, and they kept down the aboriginal race. But the Church did not do its work. For to that work the love and confidence of the people were essential.—(Pp. 385-390.)

There is one praise to which we rather think every one will allow Mr. Macaulay to be entitled, above almost every orator that ever lived,—that of having managed in an eminent degree to solve the difficult problem of uniting the qualities of a discourse adapted to the meridian of a popular assembly (the most fastidious of all such assemblies listens to him with the most marked attention) with those which will make it interesting as a speech to all readers and for all time. The things, in fact, are to a certain extent incompatible, and have generally been in no tolerable measure combined. The more perfect the orator's skill,—the more exact his adaptation to the claims of his subject and the character of his audience,—the more completely his speech is evolved *ex visceribus cause*,—the feebler will be his hold on readers in general, especially when a few years have passed away, and made allusions obscure or robbed the topics themselves of all interest. On the other hand, the more adapted his discourse to excite universal interest and to appeal to the sympathies of after ages,—the more rich in maxims of universal application, and the more adorned with beauties which cannot fade by time,—the less exact will be the adjustment to the occasion and the audience. Demosthenes would probably inspire a more general interest, though less admiration of his oratorical skill, if he had more freely expatiated on such topics as Burke loved to treat; and Burke would have less moved the impatience of the House,—which, with all his vast powers, he often fairly put to flight,—had he more severely excluded the topics which will make him the delight of all posterity.

Critics have sometimes made it an objection to Mr. Macaulay's speeches, that they are so carefully *elaborated*. If the objection went to show that the elaboration was of a sort at variance with simplicity and singleness of purpose,—that the desire to impart intellectual gratification transcended the limits already spoken of, or seduced the orator into a pursuit

of beauties which, merely amusing the imagination, had no relation to the subject in hand, and no tendency to facilitate a comprehension of it,—the objection would be of force; nay, would be fatal. But this cannot, with the slightest justice, be pretended. The frequency of the imaginative element, the vivid coloring of the diction, the profuse but ever apt examples, the peculiarities of construction,—all flow simply from the natural qualities of the intellect of the speaker, naturally exhibited; and where this is the case, it cannot be said that the speaker has trespassed on ease or nature.

Elaboration within such just limits,—a strenuous effort, as the wisest of men has expressed it, to "*seek out apt words*,"—to discover the selectest and most forcible modes of expression,—is, so far from being a reproach, one of the chief merits of a speaker. The utmost elaboration of *this* kind is pardonable enough. If a reproach at all, it is one which we are simple enough to wish that the generality of public speakers were more ambitious of incurring. Since the Prince of Orators himself always prepared with the utmost diligence for public speaking, instead of contenting himself with stumbling here and there on a casual felicity, can it be any discredit in any other to do the like? He *could* speak extemporaneously indeed, and sometimes did so; but it is on record that he never did so if he could help it. He left nothing to chance which he could secure by foresight and skill; nothing to the inspiration of the moment, which deliberate industry could secure. And, in general, such industry—let genius be what it will—secures its own recompense in this, as well as in other respects; that even the so-called *inspiration* is most likely to reward with its illapse him who has been thus diligent in preparation. The most unlooked-for felicities, both of thought and expression, will, *after* such preparation, often suddenly flash into unbidden existence, under the glow of actual speaking,—felicities of which, in the process of preparation, the mind may never have caught even a glimpse. But then this happy excitement of all the faculties is only possible to the mind when prolonged preparation has suggested all the trains of thought *likely* to stimulate emotion, and has already in part stimulated it; and, above all, has insured that self-possession in the treatment of the subject, without which the boasted "*inspiration*" never visits, or is likely to visit, the most eloquent speaker. It is preparation which piles the wood and lays the sacrifice, and then the celestial fire may perchance descend. The entire water in the vessel must have its whole temperature slowly raised to the boiling point; and then, and not till then, it "flashes into steam."

Nor is it more than an apparent objection to this, that some sudden bursts of the most powerful eloquence have been *in reply*. This is quite true, though such (generally brief) speeches are not to be compared with the highest specimens of eloquence; as, for example, the speeches *τερι παραπρεσθείας*, or *τερι στρεψίου*. Let it be confessed, however, that some replies, strictly extemporeaneous, have been among the most remarkable examples of oratorical power. It is still not to be forgotten,—first, that the admiration of such efforts is generally disproportioned to their intrinsic merits, simply because they are *replies*; just as a repartee is excellent because it is a *repartee*, and would often lose all its brilliancy if it could be supposed premeditated. But secondly, not only do the few apparent exceptions confirm the rule, but in fact they are very rarely any exceptions at all. When a man *replies* to another, the very fact usually shows that he has already been studying the whole bearings of the subject. The very arguments of his opponent have given him his brief, suggested his materials, and generally even the order and method of his topics; * while, if there has been anything of animosity between the men, the very attack itself has tended to provoke into uttermost intensity all those energetic passions which sway the intellect and the fancy at their will.

We cannot quit this subject without repeating our earnest wish that the generality of public speakers were a little more likely to incur the reproach of prolonged preparation. It would be a great saving to the public of time and patience; less would be said, and yet more,—more matter in fewer words. Not, of course, that we plead for carefully written compositions, and the exact delivery thereof from memory even to the precise reproduction of every little beggarly particle and connective; nor do we plead, indeed, for written compositions at all. A servile adherence to manuscript, however pardonable or necessary it may be during early attempts and for a limited time, is not only a sure method of extinguishing all the more pointed characteristics of the vivid *spoken* style, but involves an intolerable bondage, of which a mind of great power will, at the earliest possible period,

* It is well observed in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review," of Mr. Disraeli, certainly one of the readiest debaters the House of Commons ever produced—"An ever-ready speaker, his pre-meditated orations, that is to say, those over which he has had some time—no matter how short—to ponder, are nevertheless infinitely better than those prompted by the exigency of the moment. He will sometimes from this cause reply better to the earlier part of an antagonist's argument than to its close, and his own peroration is seldom so effective as what, in dramatic language, may be called the crisis of his speech."

seek to rid itself. There is "a more excellent way" for the experienced speaker, or one who has tolerably advanced in the art; and it should be his early ambition ultimately to perfect himself in it. He must write indeed, much at one time or another, and continue to write on some subjects or other (and that carefully) all his days, if he would attain and perpetuate that general accuracy and command of language,—copious as regards the sources of diction, precise as regards the selection of terms, and closely articulated as regards construction,—without which a speaker can never attain the crown of excellence.

Still, though speeches need not be composed, for this we contend: that a speaker, if he would do himself and his audience justice on any great occasion, should give himself to a preparation so prolonged (probably it would demand nearly as large expenditure of time as if every word had been written and committed to memory), that the substance and the method, the matter and order, of the thoughts shall be perfectly familiar. Further, that he shall not only be in complete possession of sharply-defined thoughts, and the precise order in which they shall be delivered, but that his mind shall glow with them; that he shall "muse" till "the fire burns,"—till every faculty in the degree in which it may be possessed is fairly kindled. The task is not complete till not only the arguments and illustrations have been supplied to memory, but even (as will be the case in the course of such preparation) the most felicitous terms, the most salient phrases, have been suggested, and are vividly present; after which they will be almost sure to suggest themselves at the right moment, recalled by the matter in which they are imbedded, and with which they are indissolubly connected by the laws of association. In this case, the "beggarly particles," as we have called them,—the "buts" and the "ands," and the "ifs," and the other connectives,—as well as the little forms of construction and collocation, may be disregarded, or left to take care of themselves. They will not constitute (as in the case of exact reproduction from written composition) an oppressive burden to the memory,—producing, where the effort of memory has not been quite perfect, a feeling of constraint and frigidity in the delivery; or where it has been perfect, the appearance, not less undesirable, of artificiality in the composition.

Such preparation as this, we heartily wish we could trace a little more of, among our public speakers; and if it be a reproach at all, that they would graciously incur it. We should not, in that case, have to toil so weary through arid and sterile deserts of mere verbiage. The House of Commons, in particular, would not have its invaluable time wasted

in listening to negligent and pitiless diffuseness, nor the columns of the "Times" and the pages of "Hansard" so often filled with "vain repetitions." Neither would there be such sudden hurry just at the close of the session, in carting the legislative harvest, which the House of Lords declares that there is no time to gather into the garner, and leaves to rot on the ground! It cannot, we fear, be denied that there are numberless speeches of three or four columns, the whole substance of which is perfectly reproduced, and, often with great accession of point and perspicuity, in the little summaries with which some of the leading newspapers give the results of a night's debate. Merciful condensations to a busy world! How little need the public envy the long sittings of their senators, able as they thus are to pluck in ten minutes the little fruit from amidst the redundant foliage of the "Collective Wisdom!"

There is one character in which, it must be confessed, Mr. Macaulay has achieved less reputation than many other men in every way his inferiors; much less, we are convinced, than he might have achieved had he made it the object of his ambition,—we mean as a debater. The parliamentary duello, no doubt, when the talents for this species of contest are of the first order, has a strong tendency to bring out, in all their perfection, the characteristics of what is then, most literally, the "wrestling style." We think Mr. Macaulay's comparative inferiority for this sort of work is easily accounted for: partly from the character of his mind, and partly from his never having particularly aspired to success in it. To take the last first: It can hardly be doubted that, with such diversified knowledge, accuracy and promptness of memory, activity of suggestion, fertility of imagination, and imperial command of language, he might have done far more in this way than he has ever done; since minds of far less compass and endowments than his own have, with perseverance, made themselves (even after years of comparative failure) very accomplished debaters. But it is equally evident that he has never been very solicitous of this species of reputation; and we cannot blame him. These conflicts are necessarily attended with much that is unpleasant in the acting, and when party spirit runs high, not a little that is unpleasant in retrospect. A mind that is not decidedly "combative," or that has much sense of dignity, naturally shrinks from the close encounter with individuals, and prefers the task of expounding and defending political views on general grounds, and with the least possible reference to opponents. Exciting, no doubt, is this species of intellectual gladiatorialship, when private animosity, and the rivalry of ambition, sharpen political dif-

ferences, and the combatants, in fierce personal grapple, shorten their swords for a death-blow. But it requires, perhaps, that a man should have a little of the savage about him, as well as many other qualities, to insure much renown in it.

But the other obstacle hinted at is not less in Mr. Macaulay's way. The disquisitory character of his intellect better loves the serene regions of politics—perhaps, we ought to say, its less turbulent regions, for which of them is serene? It is evident that he prefers, wherever it is possible, an exposition of his views unfettered by polemical considerations; and, indeed, he never contents himself with a mere running fight through the several topics of an antagonist's argument. Admirable as are many of his replies to previous speakers—and some of them are very effective specimens of debate—they have generally been delivered after a little interval for reflection, are for that reason couched in a courteous and temperate tone, and as might be expected from the qualities of mind on which we have just been insisting, abound in argument and illustration which overlap the limits of mere confutation, and show how willingly the speaker bounds away to aspects of his subject independent of party conflict. In one or two places he frankly avows (what his speeches show) how little ambitious he is of achieving only a debater's triumphs.

Though, as we have already said, we cannot doubt that a mind so richly endowed could, by sedulous practice, have obtained a much larger reputation for this species of oratory, a more than usually lengthened practice (always indeed a condition), would probably have been necessary in his case; and that from those very characteristics of mind which fit him for a more comprehensive treatment of political questions. The more large a man's views, the more ample his stores of knowledge, the more difficult often is it to adjust himself to the rapid movements of that guerilla warfare in which debaters chiefly shine. It is a curious and true observation of one of our philosophic writers, that minds of the first order often require longer time for the acquisition of the habit of adroit adaptation to the ordinary exigencies of life, than men of far inferior powers, who yet can brilliantly manoeuvre their more manageable forces on a more limited field. The former are often too fastidious, too solicitous in marshalling their battalions, to do themselves extemporaneous justice. They must have their conclusions based on the most comprehensive survey, their method and argumentation without a flaw, their front and their rear alike cared for, before they will move—and while they are pausing how to effect the best disposition of their forces, the occasion, which demanded

only a skirmish, is apt to pass away, and the light-heeled and light-armed enemy has vanished from the field.

We have, of course, looked at this volume chiefly in its oratorical character. We have done so because it is a volume of 'Speeches,' and challenged especial notice in that respect. Nor is it necessary to dwell on Mr. Macaulay's political views, maintained throughout life with a very remarkable consistency; with singular moderation indeed, but also with unflinching courage and decision. They are sufficiently known; they are very definite, and have been, for the most part, those which have been maintained in this Journal, and not seldom discussed there by himself. In his speeches, in his essays, in his history, the same traits appear. Points there are of secondary importance, and one or two not secondary, in which many would contest his opinions; but on all the great occasions on which he has delivered his votes, there are now few of his countrymen who would not acknowledge that they were given on the better side. They have been identified with all the great reforms, political, social, and economical, which have signalized our epoch. Ardently attached to liberal opinions, and anxious to make them triumphant, Mr. Macaulay's zeal as a reformer has been tempered by the cautious maxims which a profound political philosophy as well as a most extensive survey of history have taught him—that reforms to be really beneficial must be temperate and timely, and that if, as in the case of the Reform Bill, they are of necessity large, because payment of long arrears has become necessary, it is in itself no matter of triumph, but a thing to be deeply deplored. Distrustful of all theories which cannot plainly appeal to the analogies and experience of the past and safely link that past to the present—distrustful of all changes which threaten to dissolve the continuity of political habit, feeling, and association—he has never denounced the rankest abuses that ever demanded reform more vividly than the perilous and visionary schemes of democratic fanaticism. Heartily despising the pedantry of political philosophy, his speeches (as well as his other productions) are everywhere deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of that philosophy. In the practical application of the abstract principles of politics, he constantly bears in mind, with Bacon and Burke, that the political art is necessarily akin to grafting rather than planting; that its task is to enlarge, repair, and beautify the old rather than build anew; to modify conditions always given rather than to create them. Zealous as Mr. Macaulay was for Reform, the whole series of splendid speeches on that subject everywhere show that he was chiefly anxious for it that it might avert (as it *did* avert) Revolution. They

abound with striking commentary, enforced by the most enlightened appeals to historic induction, on that saying of our 'greatest' and 'wisest,'—'Morosa morum retentio res turbulenta est, seque ac novitas.' Nowhere are the great lessons of this cautious practical philosophy—which seeks to maintain the equipoise between ardent aspirations for improvement and just reverence for antiquity, more powerfully taught or more felicitously illustrated than in these speeches on Reform, which we recommend, no less for their wisdom than their eloquence, to the attention of our youthful countrymen. So long as the principles they unfold animate Englishmen, the progress of the nation will be steady and safe; there will be no fear lest the continuity of love and veneration for institutions should be dissolved; that love and veneration which are as essential to the stability of laws as intrinsic excellence in the laws; the presence of which will often make the worst politics strong, and the absence of which must leave the best weak.

We must not close this article without paying a tribute to the transparent honesty and independence which have ever characterized Mr. Macaulay's political career both in Parliament and at the hustings. However moderate in his views, they have been most decidedly expressed; in entire independence alike of party and faction, of court or commons, of aristocrat or democrat. With his constituents, he has been sometimes charged with being too *brusque*; but amidst the numerous examples of servility at the hustings, the failing is one which Englishmen may readily forgive. His independent conduct in his relations with his constituents, is well worthy of imitation; and we question whether since Burke delivered his celebrated speech at Bristol, any one has ever more unflinchingly and thoroughly carried out its maxims. He has said his say to his constituents on the most critical occasions in the most downright way. He has been the very Coriolanus of the hustings. He has abated nothing, disguised nothing. Though for a short time banished from Edinburgh, the result showed that his constituents could appreciate the independence and self-respect of one who, though deeply sensible of the honor of a seat in Parliament, could not compromise anything to gain it; and his unsolicited re-election by that great constituency was equally honorable to him and to themselves.

From The New York Times.

ENGLISH NOTICES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the opening of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near Lon-

don, appeared a series of Guides and Handbooks, eighteen in number, illustrative of the contents of that vast and splendid exhibition. Although published at a price so low that an immense sale, alone, can cover the cost of production, the visitor who would purchase the whole of this little series, must expend three dollars and a half.

These *libelli*, or little books, literally intended for the million, are the composition of some of the ablest men of letters and science in England. Each writer treated of the subject with which his profession, pursuits, taste, and knowledge had made him most familiar. Thus, Raffaele Monti, (the Italian artist, some of whose poems in marble, won admiration in our own World's Fair,) wrote 'How to see the Sculpture in the Crystal Palace.' Professor Owen, who has perfected Comparative Anatomy, founded by Cuvier, wrote the description of the Extinct Animals and Geological Illustrations. The book cost six cents, and contains the concentrated experience and knowledge of a life brilliantly and beneficially devoted to Science of the highest order. Mrs. Jameson, who has written equally well upon Poetry and Art, is author of the Handbook to the Schools of Modern Sculpture. Mr. Layard, who has exhumed the remains of a buried empire in Assyria, has not disdained to contribute a sixpenny Handbook to the Nineveh Court. Professor Edward Forbes, President of the Geological Society of England, and successor of the illustrious Jameson, in the Chair of Natural History, in the University of Edinburgh, associated himself with Dr. Latham, in the production of the 'Illustrated Guide to the Ethnological and Zoological Departments.' George Sharpe, a well-known artist and antiquarian, has contributed Handbooks to the Greek, Roman, and Pompeian Courts. Samuel Sharp was associated with Owen Jones, in the composition of the Handbook to the Egyptian Court, and Mr. Jones (the celebrated architect, who decorated the Paxton Palace, of 1851,) appears separately, as author of 'An Apology for the Coloring of the Greek Court in the Crystal Palace,' and, as describer of the Alhambra Court. Digby Wyatt and J. B. Waring, (leading members of the Executive of the World's Fair, in 1851,) have conjointly produced Handbooks to the Byzantine, Medieval, Renaissance and Italian Courts. Samuel Phillips, the literary reviewer of the *Times* newspaper, and author of certain scattering critiques upon Dickens and Thackeray, was author of the 'General Guide Book to the Palace and Park,' and of the *Portrait Gallery* in the Crystal Palace.

This is a goodly array of distinguished writers. Generally speaking, they have done

their work very well. Mr. PHILLIPS was general Editor of this Crystal Palace Library, and supervised it with the skill of a practised critic. At present we shall notice only one of these works, and the most expensive one, viz.: PHILLIPS' "Portrait Gallery," an octavo of about 250 pages, in small type, on fine paper, and sold at a sum equivalent to thirty-seven cents of our money.

Of SAMUEL PHILLIPS we now speak in the past tense. Only last week we had to record his death. He was a man of much learning, varied accomplishments, considerable knowledge of the world, amiable mind, and strict impartiality. The *London Times*, which has briefly noticed his demise, mentions him as one of the few examples of men who, having followed Literature up with industry and perseverance, have been enabled to live and support a family in comfort and respectability, neither owing nor borrowing money.

It adds that the remarkable part of the story is, that his work was accomplished with the hand of death upon him. For many years past he had been the doomed victim of consumption. At any hour of the day or night he might have been summoned away ere the ink had dried upon the line which he had commenced writing. But calmly and courageously, respecting himself and respecting others, he went through his daily toil, and, as we have before said, was enabled to live and maintain his family in comfort and respectability. Suddenly, therefore but not unexpected was his demise. The Press has lost a man who, whether with pen or hand, or in the private relations of life, was worthy of high consideration.

As we have said, Mr. PHILLIPS was principal reviewer on the *London Times*. Nominally, Mr. TYAS has occupied that position for many years, and his education at Cambridge, which he left with the reputation of being one of her ablest Greek scholars since the death of PORSON, was supposed to have eminently qualified him for that office. But Mr. TYAS has not written a critique for some years. Probably he wished to retire with the reputation of having "smashed" BROUGHAM'S *Demosthenes* in a series of elaborate reviews, which showed that the ex-Chancellor (of whom SUGDEN bitterly said that "if he knew a little law he would have known a little of everything") had forgotten or imperfectly mastered the high-sounding language of old Greece. The reputation of SAMUEL PHILLIPS, which commenced when it was known that he had written the striking novel of "Caleb Stukeley" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has steadily advanced, and, not long since, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him by that Alma Mater designated by CANNING as

"the University of Gottingen."

This was an unsolicited tribute of respect. Many of Dr. PHILLIPS' critical articles were of great merit:—some of them formed the principal portion of the APPLETON's republication of crack papers from the London *Times*. Many were translated in France and Germany. The most searching of his reviews were those in which, year after year, Mr. DICKENS' Christmas books were dissected. Scarcey inferior were his animadversions upon the mannerisms, the short-comings, and the over-comings of Mr. THACKERAY. Severe was the critic's denunciation of the one-sided view of a newspaper-writer's career and struggles which was given to the world in *Pendennis*. Able as THACKERAY's defence was, it adroitly evaded the real motive of the reviewer, which was to indicate disapprobation of the late Dr. MAGINN being caricatured as Captain Shannon, contemporary men of letters well knowing that it was MAGINN himself who had introduced THACKERAY to write in *Frazer's Magazine*, and joining with the critic in thinking that gratitude, at least, should have restrained the wit, and left MAGINN untouched in his early grave. When PHILLIPS commenced writing for the Crystal Palace, it was doubtful whether he would live to complete the undertaking. He saw it finished—and no more.

The design of his "Portrait Gallery" is to illustrate, by biographical and critical notices, the extensive collection of busts and statues which adorn the vast area of the Crystal Palace—to record the salient points in the characters of those whose resemblances, in stone or clay, constitute the Portrait Gallery of London's new wonder. Such a gallery, said Dr. PHILLIPS, "exhibits the men who have worked their way to eminence. Biography teaches how they travelled the difficult and thorny road." As yet the Collection is imperfect—though over five hundred busts and statues are noticed in this book—but it is the nucleus of a noble and most interesting Gallery, which the Directors of the Palace are resolved to form.

The descriptions and biographies run in the following order:—Greek poets, dramatists, philosophers, statesmen and generals; Roman emperors, ladies, generals, and poets; and then the artists and musicians, poets and dramatists, soldiers and statesmen, prelates and theologians, kings and queens of Italy, France, Germany, and England. We are able to say that, for the most part, Dr. PHILLIPS was very impartial. Now and then, a personal hit is made; but the leaning, on the whole, is towards praise or extenuation. From the necessity of confining facts and opinions into a very

limited space, few of the notices exceeding half a page of the volume, the style is almost *sui generis*. Whatever was to be told is said in the fewest possible words. This concentration is peculiar and gives a text more striking than grammatical. One merit Dr. PHILLIPS must get credit for—he boldly avoided the too prevalent English practice of servility towards reigning Royalty. We admire the Spartan simplicity with which he dismisses the Queen and her husband. He simply writes: "496. Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA, whom God preserve! Born May 24th 1819," and "497. His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT, Consort of Queen VICTORIA, born, August 26th, 1819. To whom the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a development of the original Palace in Hyde Park, is indebted for its existence."

It would be easy to make a pleasant, readable, and not uninstructive article out of the vast variety of materials in this portrait gallery,—giving as it does such peculiarly English glance at various celebrities, foreign and domestic. The affectionate way in which CARLYLE is remonstrated with on his regretted mannerism,—the apologetic notice of DOUGLAS JERROLD's fierceness,—the high eulogy of LOUIS NAPOLEON,—the bitter attack on Scotland for its neglect of BURNS,—the fine appreciation of the *mens dicinior* of SHAKESPEARE and SCOTT,—the depreciation of BROUGHAM,—the analytic sketch of O'CONNELL,—the admiration of PALMERSTON's "pluck,"—the warm-hearted praise of Father MATHEW, and a hundred other such examples could be exhibited, but we now prefer showing what Dr. PHILLIPS, in a publication of which millions will be circulated, said of our own American men of mark and mind.

It must be remembered that he noticed none except those of whom a bust or statue is in the Crystal Palace. We mention this to explain omissions. The American are included among the English Portraits, and not distinctively placed nor catalogued. There is no American among the artists and musicians, or the poets and dramatists. The first of our countrymen whose name appears is FRANKLIN, and his place is among the scientific men and writers. There are two busts of him at Sydenham, one by HOUDON and the other by HIRAM POWERS. The sketch is as follows:

BENJ. FRANKLIN—Statesman and Philosopher.

Born at Boston, in America, 1706. Died at Philadelphia, in America, 1790. Aged 84.

"FRANKLIN" is another word for usefulness, self-denial, frugality, perseverance, and independence. A poor printer's boy, who by his own unaided powers, raised himself from the lowest place of society to the highest, and contributed alike to the advancement of Science, and to the

independence of one of the finest countries of the earth. His discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, and the invention of the lightning-rod; the explanation of the *aurora borealis* and thundersights upon electrical principles, are triumphs of the philosopher. His ardent support of the new Republic, his activity, judgment, and resources, speak for the statesman and the lover of liberty. His language unadorned, but ever pure and expressive; his reason manly and cogent, and so concise that he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His correspondence a model of clearness and compendious brevity. Scrupulously punctual in all his dealings. An exemplar of economy and regularity. His life, one of the most instructive and encouraging studies for youth, since it exhibits the sufferings, the trials, the power, and the victory of self-command, temperance and industry, and the reward of genius overcoming all the difficulties of fortune.

This is a miniature biography—the essence of many Lives, and we doubt whether in FRANKLIN's native land, he has been more appreciatingly noticed.

The next, who ranks among "the foremost men of all this world" is one of whom it appears almost impossible for any one to speak an evil word or think an evil thought. We never have met an educated Englishman who did not claim and enjoy the privilege of admiring the character and conduct of The Father of Our Country. The resemblance at Sydenham is by CANOVA. The notice runs thus :

GEORGE WASHINGTON—*First President of the United States.*

Born in Virginia, United States, 1732. Died, 1799. Aged 67.

If we were asked to single out from ancient or modern story one bright unsullied example of true greatness, of perfect patriotism, disinterestedness, consistency and self-devotion, it would be difficult not to select **GEORGE WASHINGTON**. England, that suffered by his acts, has reason to be proud of his surpassing glory; for he came from the common stock, and he wrought the liberty of his country by the exercise of virtues dear to all Englishmen, and, let us dare to say, characteristic of their race. He received the most ordinary education, for he lost his father when ten years old; and he had to make his way in life by his own best efforts. At the age of eighteen he was appointed Surveyor in Virginia to Lord Fairfax. At twenty, he was major in the colonial militia. In 1775 he took the command of the army in America against England. How he acted from that hour until 1783, when the treaty of peace was signed, what intrepidity he exhibited—what wisdom, what coolness, what courage, what moderation, what rare self-command under defeat, for, fighting at great disadvantage, he lost more battles than he gained—is known to all. In 1789, he was elected Pre-

sident of the United States. As Chief of the Government, he declined all remuneration, save the bare payment of his official service; he had shown the same abstinence when in command of the army. In 1796, worn out by the labors and anxieties of his momentous life, he laid down his power and withdrew into privacy, but not until he had delivered to the American people, as his last public work, his solemn advice for their future self-government and conduct. His words of weight may be read to-day with singular advantage by the millions who enjoy the inappreciable blessings of freedom and prosperity, which his good right hand, sound heart, and sagacious judgment, chiefly secured to them. If hero-worship may be pardoned, he shall be forgiven—for his offence shall induce in him only humility—who kneels before the quiet, unpretending shrine of Washington.

Hearty praise is this—earnest, warm, sincere. PHILLIPS, albeit he saw little originality in DICKENS, and no geniality in THACKERAY, evidently had a heart filled with high emotions and generous impulses. We wish he could have a bird's-eye view of WASHINGTON's country on the 22d of February, or the Fourth of July.

Of a different cast, in mind and body, was the next American niched in this gallery. The bust is by HIRAM POWERS, who executed those of all the other Americans there. We have arrived at

Gen. JACKSON—*President of the U. S.*

Born in South Carolina, United States, 1767. Died at Nashville, in Tennessee, 1845. Aged 78.

The son of an Irish emigrant. He was originally destined for the Church; but he quitted school to take part in the War of Independence. The war over, he adopted the law as a profession, and became Judge in Tennessee, as well as Major-General of the forces of the same State. In 1815, as Major-General of the United States, he gained decisive victory over the English at New Orleans. In 1821, appointed Governor of Florida, and the next year elected member of the Senate for the State of Tennessee. Elected President of the United States in 1828 and again in 1832; so that he was at the head of the American Government for the space of eight years. An ardent democratic chief throughout life. His Presidency was distinguished by the development of democratic tendencies, of the spirit of territorial extension, and by the marked encouragement of the slaveholding interest. He successfully opposed Congress in the matter of the United States Bank, regarding it as a monopoly in the State, injurious to the general interests of the people. JACKSON was a man of Roman virtues, a true patriot, and of uncompromising integrity, simple and austere, straightforward and blunt as a soldier.

Then follows another of our Worthies, we know in Europe, personally,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—*President of the U. S.*
Born at Boston, U. S., 1767. Died 1848. Aged 79.

Educated in Europe. At a tender age Private Secretary to the American Minister at St. Petersburg. In 1794, appointed by Washington Ambassador to the Hague. In 1809, Ambassador to the Court of Russia. Subsequently Ambassador in London. In 1825, President of the United States. His administration worthy of his life, which was pure, disinterested, and strictly honest. Upon his death, in 1848, he left a reputation for integrity, independence, and manly straightforwardness, second only to that of Washington. His habits, to the last, simple and unostentatious, and his industry remarkable. His exterior was cold, but fire glowed within, for his nature was as earnest as his oratory was fierce. He had a tenacious memory, great knowledge, and the faculty of speaking forcibly, clearly, and to the purpose. One of the worthies of the Great Republic.

To ADAMS succeeds one who has had his full share of party praise and censure—both of which he has outlived.

MARTIN VAN BUREN—*Ex-President of the U. S.*

Born 1782. Still living.

A lawyer, and an active politician in the democratic interest. From 1812 until 1820 a member of the United States Senate, during which time a keen supporter of the war with England, and for a short time Attorney-General. In 1828, Governor of the State of New York—then Secretary of State in the Cabinet of General Jackson. Vice-President in 1832, and during Gen. Jackson's second term of office. In 1836, elected President by a large majority. The principal measure of his Administration was the re-establishment of the Independent Treasury. In 1840, again nominated for the Presidency, but defeated by General Harrison, the whig candidate. Since the close of his Presidential term in 1841, Mr. Van Buren has lived in retirement. His popularity was not so great at the close as at the beginning of his political life.

This notice of VAN BUREN is meagre. More full is that one of the great departed—one of the illustrious Three who were removed so lately from their respective paths of usefulness and renown. We come to POWERS' bust of

JOHN C. CALHOUN—*American Statesman.*

Born at Abbeville, in South Carolina, U. S. 1782. Died at Washington, 1850. Aged 68.

Of Irish descent. Educated at Yale College, and studied law at Litchfield, in Connecticut. In 1807, admitted to the Bar. In 1811, elected to Congress. Secretary of war in 1817: and from 1825 to 1832, Vice-President of the United States. He asserted that the American Constitution was a mere federal treaty, from the conditions of which an individual State might at any

time withdraw itself, if the inhabitants of the State so desired. This dangerous principle was combated by Webster, and luckily for the Union, with success. Calhoun had great eloquence, and rapid powers of generalization. He was inflexible in integrity, firm of purpose, energetic, laborious, and endowed with a high sense of honor; devoted to his country, with an inextinguishable love of liberty. A moderate democrat, nevertheless, and a free trader. In person he was tall and lank; his face indicated great firmness of character and determination. His manner of speaking and of gesticulation was remarkable. He would walk constantly up and down during his discourse, his right arm moving all the while regularly backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock.

This last statement will startle such of our readers as had the gratification of hearing Mr. CALHOUN speak. Dr. PHILLIPS was evidently imposed upon. So far from Mr. CALHOUN being a peripatetic orator, his habit was to stand at his desk, erect and motionless, save that he used his right arm in constant up-and-down action, to give effect to his emphatic and eloquent words. Certainly he did not "walk constantly up and down during his discourse."

Then comes the last, but not the least of the Triumvirate:

DANIEL WEBSTER—*American Statesman and Orator.*

Born in New Hampshire, U. S. 1782. Died 1852. Aged 70.

Descended from those Pilgrim Fathers of New England, who emigrated in 1636. A lawyer. In 1813 he took his seat in Congress for New Hampshire, war then raging with England. He advocated the war with fervid eloquence. In politics a "Whig," a term corresponding to our "Conservative." An avowed opponent of the democratic party, but a still stronger friend to the true interests of his country, and, like our own Sir Robert Peel, preferred these to a dogged and an injurious persistence in his own preconceived political views. Hence, though no friend to slavery, WEBSTER carried on no bitter crusade against it; and hence his conciliatory policy, which, in dealing with the unhappy institution, maintained, through difficulty and danger, the political Union that contributes so largely to the strength and greatness of the American people. The oratory of WEBSTER was of a high order—the most classical that America has yet displayed. It was powerful, argumentative, and as remarkable for passion as for logical acumen. He was also a scholar, with a refined taste, and deeply attached to the literature of the old country. In person he was thick set and burly. The countenance indicated force, without delicacy of taste and perception; but in this respect the countenance of DANIEL WEBSTER belied his mind. His death, at the close of a vehement career, was serene and happy.

It is to be lamented that the Portrait Gallery is so deficient in American subjects. The bust of HENRY CLAY should have had a place in companionship with CALHOUN and WEBSTER, WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN. But, as Dr. PHILLIPS said, this is only the beginning of a national collection in England. We should be glad to see a similar commencement in this country. New York is undoubtedly the best locality for such a gallery. Here we have the Astor Library, and here we shall speedily have the Cooper Institute —to be enriched, we trust, by the public purchase of Dr. ABBOTT's Egyptian antiquities; an unique collection, as the Pacha has prohibited the exportation of even a solitary specimen of the oldest Empire in the World. If we cannot afford nor procure busts and statues in marble, certainly casts can be obtained; and, in a country like this, rich in eminent portraiture, Painting as well as severer Sculpture can be invoked to perpetuate the resem-

blances of men who have distinguished themselves and served mankind. Private liberality, we are confident, would amply contribute, in works of art and in money, to such a National Portrait gallery; and as regards public money, it is only too often wasted upon objects which do not deserve it half as much as this.

With this suggestion thrown out in the hope that it may meet the eye of those with the power and will to make it a reality, we take leave, for the present, of Dr. PHILLIPS's book. As very few copies of it have yet reached this country, we look on it, (to use COLERIDGE's words) to be "as good as manuscript." There is a heartiness of appreciation and a candor of opinion in it, which stamps it with marked individuality. Our readers now know, as well as we do, how our eminent countrymen are appreciated in England. We frankly admit that the American estimate of British celebrities is not (and cannot be) half so favorable.

CHAP. IV.

Oh! little golden cups and buds! rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air! Your simple, graceful, natural loveliness is thus, through art, bringing a dear heart to your artist's side. Oh! simple, little, tender, humble meadow flowers! so radiant in the setting sun, so graceful in its sinking shadows!

Miss Moggs loved those tears; they warmed her heart; it was sympathy in keeping with her own.

"Miss Bassett, ma'am," she went on, "is a gentlewoman even by birth. She has an uncle a very rich rector of a village in Wiltshire, and another a captain in the navy, who has been unaccountably missing for several years. Her father was a much younger brother of these gentlemen, and marrying whilst he was taking his degrees at Cambridge, he was even young when he died from an attack of fever, only four days after his little son was born. His wife did not survive him more than a year. Thus Lucy and her brother—for there were only these two children, though there is eight years' difference in their ages—were left to the care of these two uncles. Both were bachelors, and the one being almost always away at sea, they were naturally placed in the care of Mr. Bassett the rector. Still he was always more or less abroad, for he is a great collector of works of art; and thus the children were left to the care of a maiden cousin who kept his house. For several years, whilst the good seaman uncle came to and fro, her treatment of them was tolerable; but as soon as she fancied he was dead, she, to serve purposes of her own, commenced a cruel course of conduct towards both. Lucy bore it patiently for some time, hoping things might be better when her uncle the rector returned from Italy, where

he had been long absent. It did not prove so, however, as this cruel woman had, by constant letters to their disfavor, changed his good will towards both orphans. Finding her position to be such a hopeless and unhappy one, Lucy came with her little brother to London. Here some distant relative of her mother placed Frankland in the Blue-coat School; and Lucy, seeking an engagement as daily governess, became instructress to Mr. Bowyer's three daughters. She has been so eminently successful with their education, as to make their parents prize her services beyond expression. Indeed so much has their respect increased, as to make them desirous she should reside with them; but nothing would induce her, I suppose, to quit the place where she lives at Islington, for it enables her to keep a home for her brother."

"Dear heart, and yet so young for this heavy struggle with the world," exclaimed the tender-hearted gentlewoman, lifting up her hands.

"Yes, not only for herself, but for others too," replied Miss Moggs with pride. "You know, ma'am, of course, that Mr. Bowyer's residence is in the Regen's Park. Well, ma'am, for the two past winters, after spending her whole morning there, this good young lady would return home; and then each evening, for five in the week, she set out from Islington at six o'clock, and came here. Yes, here all the way to St. Paul's Church-yard, to hold classes for our improvement in music, drawing, and general instruction. At first Mr. Bowyer smiled at her laborious trouble, and rather discountenanced it than otherwise, for he was more against than for, the early closing movement; but when he began to see the effects, when he began to find the young men stay at home to join the classes, and understood from the house-keeper the great addition to the happiness and regularity of the household caused thereby, he began to

look more closely into this self-denying kindness and was at last so convinced of its admirable effects as to go hand in hand with Miss Bassett in every improvement. Only see, ma'am, for yourself, some of the results of his change of opinions."

As she spoke, Miss Moggs rose and opened a door, and showed Mrs. Gibbons a noble room, lately fitted up for the young people's especial use, with two pianos, books, globes, and many other things, as assisting both instruction and amusement. And from this room opened two lesser ones, distinctly apart, for the separate use of the young ladies and the young men, that of the young ladies being even elegantly furnished.

"All these things we owe to Miss Bassett," said good Moggs, leading the way back again; "and no wonder we all highly respect her—nay, love I should say, for there are those amongst us who can say so with earnest hearts." Miss Moggs stopped, for her eyes were full of tears.

"She deserves it," said the good gentlewoman, "for it is not always that genius and goodness go together. My son says her pencil is a wonderful one."

"Yes, ma'am, it is so; for others have said it. She inherits this taste from her uncle the rector, who is, I believe, a great collector of works of art. But I hope, now she has given such a proof of her genius in respect to the spoon, that your firm will give her work—she has spare hours to fill up, and would be glad to earn money this way, I know."

"God bless the dear child," said the silversmith's wife, fervently; "only give me her address, and she shall not want generous or thoughtful friends."

Thus in a few minutes Mrs. Gibbons held the address of the little Canonbury cottage in her hand; and after some further confidential conversation with Miss Moggs, she took her leave; though not before, kind soul, she had bought another strip of filmy lace to add to the treasures of the deep old drawer at home. She had heart enough to have hidden Potosi in it at that minute.

Eagerly expecting her return, Grinling waited for her in the parlor. He knew by her bright happy face that her search had been successful and he soon knew all the little history I have here set down. It was now arranged that she should after dinner, when Grinling had retired, break on the little history of the spoon to her husband, for as yet its fabrication had been carefully guarded from his sight; and that after he had seen it and admired it—as he would, for his taste was excellent—they should both set off to Islington, and there seeking an interview with Miss Bassett, exhibit to her the beautiful result of her design, and hand over to her what further money was due. One thing only the little gentlewoman was guarded in—that was, not to hint one word of her son's feeling for this young girl.

"But he will soon guess it, my dear Grinling," hinted the little gentlewoman; "your father was always so quick at perceiving such things."

"Let him perceive," said the young man gravely, "when the time comes. But at present even suspicion would be premature and wrong."

So thought his mother. But, nevertheless, her face wore such sunny smiles that day at dinner, as to be seen at once by the old gentleman.

"My dear," he asked, "what is the matter? Both you and Grinling look as if a fortune had been left you since breakfast."

"Well, David, we have had something to delight us, that is certain, and which shall delight you as soon as we have dined—only wait till then."

So when the cloth was removed, and Grinling came, the good wife brought a little parcel from a drawer, drew her seat beside her old husband, poured out his customary glass of wine, and then, with her hand in his, told him the sweet tale, with its own illustration of the lovely work of art—THE SPOON.

I cannot paint his wonder, or his pleasure, or his admiration. All three were genuine and exceeding: one thing, however, I sadly fear,—that the good little gentlewoman, in her volubility, dropped some word or other she ought not; for the old gentleman at once popped upon the secret, and guessed it, as far as guessing could.

"Well, well, wife, I see there is something more than I'm permitted to know. But so this boy of ours gets a wife, and a good and pretty one, I don't care. He has been living too long in his dreams and his fancies, and his old bachelorhood, not for me to be glad of a prospect of change. Better late than never, even in matrimony."

"Hush, hush!" said his little wife, "it is wrong in you to talk so, and neither just to Grinling nor the stranger; though it is certain that our son deserves a good wife; for when he does love, it will be deeply and unalterably."

Thus checked in his surmises, the old gentleman now turned his attention again to the spoon. And so immensely delighted was he therat that he must go at once to speak to his son and to his foreman; then, as he returned, he went aside, and gave orders that dear old Frisker be then and there harnessed to the gig; and then he proceeded without delay to put on his Sunday coat, and one of his grandest holland shirts, with a big frill. He would not have made more fuss had he been going to carry the Buttercup Spoon into the presence of the Queen herself.

At length, somewhere about six o'clock or so, these good souls took their way from Hatton Garden towards pleasant Islington; Frisker in the sunniest of moods, and the two dogs perched up on the seat behind. They were going to make new friends as well as their master and mistress; and depend upon it, these little honest companions of our daily life love small episodes of this sort as well as those enriched by reason and by spirit. Ay! the time will come when we shall be more human even in our humanity for the brute; for as the more divinely Christian we become, so shall spread out the radius of our charity and of our tenderness!

When pretty Frisker stayed before the little

Canonbury cottage, it might be seven o'clock. A tiny child, nursing a baby as big almost as itself, was seated on the little plot front of turf, and saying, when questioned by Mrs. Gibbons, "that mother and Nelly were gone to the shop," bid her and the gentleman walk up stairs, for that "the lady was at home." Very reluctantly the good gentlewoman consented, for she feared to trespass; but at length, leaving her husband in the care of Frisker, she entered the cottage, and went up the prettily-carpeted staircase, followed by Ben and Trim, who were anxious to see that little Penn, depend upon it! Some one within the room was reading or talking, but stayed the instant she knocked; and a sweet voice, other than the reader, said, "pray come in." Opening the door timidly, half reluctantly, half withdrawing again, the old lady saw before her the same young creature and the Blue-coat boy she and her husband had met on Hampstead Heath. Rising immediately, Miss Bassett came forward, and the old gentlewoman advancing, they met in the middle of the room. The latter tried to make a grand formal courtesy of respect, such as she might have achieved in her younger days in dancing the *minuet de la cour*, but stopped short, good soul, in the very middle of it. For she raised her face, and looked into that of the young girl, and the young girl into hers; and they could be no more strangers from that very instant, than brook meeting brook upon the untrdden lea can keep from mingling their pure and lucent waters. Yes, there are human creatures, that, meeting where they will, are at once friends—friends in spirit, if even no words pass between them: they seem to have met before; soul recognizes soul—heart flows into heart—their nature is one. This is a mystery of our being; a common one, however, that all more or less have had experience of; but not less is it a mystery for that. Beautiful as this is at all times, it was eminently so here: the tender human mother, with her large maternal heart, longed for a daughter on whom to beam her love; and a young small tender soul, cast on its resources, and needing, even for pity's sake, even for genius' sake, even for humanity's sake, some thoughtful heart to think for it and of it, as only mothers think. Oh! in this human life no need so sure as this, to those who fight the desolate life of the lonely in great cities. There may be friends enough—every-day friends enough—callers—visitors—professors of a hundred things; but thou, O God! be merciful to those, be merciful to women, on whose uprising, on whose downlying, on whose tears to-day, whose smiles to-morrow no human care is shed. For the trial is mighty, and needing faith in Thee. Think of this—think of this, you who have homes and parents, and discontent can never come. The hand that writes this writes truth, and would write it in your hearts if it were possible.

But here the day of desolation is nearly at its close!

Did I not say so, little cups and buds! Rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air, your simple, graceful natural loveliness is thus, through art, bringing

fine heart to heart? Oh, simple little tender meadow-flowers! Sweet buds and leaves of spring; sweet gilded cups of summer!

Failing in her courtesy, Mrs. Gibbons likewise failed in speech; but her hand rested tenderly on the young girl's arm.

"I think, ma'am, we have met before," said Lucy, "some five weeks ago, on Hampstead Heath. Come, let me give you a seat by my window—it is pleasant, though not quite so as where we first met." Saying this, she led the old lady towards the window, who passively obeyed, till reaching its strongest light, she stayed again. Here she raised her ungloved hand, and laid it tenderly on the young girl's head.

"Is it possible," she said, in a low voice, as though speaking to herself, "that one so very young, and small, and tender, can have done so much alone and unaided, for herself and others; is it possible that these little hands wrought the rare design we have come to tell you of—The Buttercup Spoon!"

Lucy colored violently, as though annoyed and ashamed beyond expression. "I thought, ma'am," she faltered, "that Mrs. Carden would have kept my secret, for—"

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, my dear," said Mrs. Gibbons, "and nothing that need be secret. My name is Gibbons, I am the wife and mother of the well-known manufacturing silversmiths of Hatton Garden, to whom your design was brought. And I and my good old husband have come, to-night, in a spirit of grateful and admiring courtesy, to show you the exquisite result of the design in its manufactured form, and to offer our earnest thanks, for it will prove of eminent service to us, in the forthcoming Exhibition; spoons and forks having been, for more than half a century, a staple of our house."

Deeper blushes dyed the young girl's face; but eagerness was in her words, and tenderness in their tone.

"Oh! are you, are you?" she repeated many times, as though doubting what she heard. "Are you the noble mother, and tender friend, Mrs. Carden and Miss Moggs have so often told me of? And has my little drawing of that spray, served a useful purpose? Oh! I am so overjoyed; for, hearing nothing through these past weeks, I began to doubt its practicability for a useful end. I thought I must return the money for it, for how could it be mine? On this account I refrained from sending further work; and thus I thought my honest hopes were dead. I have been impatient, I know—it is wrong of me;" but then she added, touchingly, as child-like, she laid her hands down on the tender mother's arm, "I have known so much sorrow!"

"Poor child!" spoke the maternal heart; and deep tears flowed up from their fountains, though wisely she restrained them; and added, in a cheerful voice, "But you must know no more, my dear, and shall not, if I can help it. But come, you must see the spoon—we are very fond of it, my dear, and so must you be." Then turning to the boy, who had been an attentive listener, she asked him to kindly step down, and

stay with Frisker, whilst Mr. Gibbons came up-stairs, on the business which had brought him; "for, my dear," said Mrs. Gibbons to Lucy, "he *would* come, with the spoon, himself, as he has no faith, he says, in a woman's pockets."

Frankland obeyed, with a schoolboy's alacrity; and followed by the dogs, that by this time had wonderfully improved upon their first slight acquaintance, went down stairs. The old gentleman's footsteps were soon heard, and in a minute or so, he stood in the room, and succeeding better in his grand bow than his little wife, in her attempt at a courtesy, *à la minuet de la cour*, came to where the young girl yet stood.

"My dear David," spoke the trim little gentlewoman, "this is Miss Bassett; but ashamed rather than proud of her sweet skill."

"Oh! this mustn't be," he replied, as he promptly held forth his hand; "no one should be ashamed of industry and skill, when productive of results like this." As he spoke, he quickly ended his hearty shake, and going still further into the strong light of the window, took from his pocket a morocco case, that, at the touch of a spring, opened, and displayed the beautiful spoon. The brightness scintillated in the rays of the waning sun, and every silver leaf and flower was alternate light and shadow.

"It is very beautiful," he repeated slowly, as he held the case higher still, to show its contents to more advantage; "and I and my son are exceedingly obliged to you. Our firm really needed good designs in this department, and we shall be glad of others. That is to say, when I have paid for this!" Thus speaking, he put down the case on the window ledge, and taking from some safe pocket, a tiny parcel, placed evidently there all ready, put open into the astonished girl's hands, a ten pound note and two sovereigns.

"This really cannot be all mine," she faltered. "I have—"

"It is yours, madam," said the old gentleman, determinately—"fully yours. That is to say, an additional five pounds for the Buttercup Spoon, and seven for the design yet unmanufactured. And we shall be glad of more work at the same price."

Again the young girl regarded the sum of money incredulously; then bending her face down, burst into passionate flood of tears. She had controlled herself till now—but she could no longer. It was a joy, and surprise, and hope, mingled into one large whole, that was not only akin to grief, in its intensity, but also as unsubduable. She strove; but the more she strove, the more her heart throbbed, the more her tears rained down. Life, through the past four or five years, had been such an arduous thing—its trials and its needs had been so many—its struggles, with adverse circumstances, so repeated, (though she had never spoken of them to human ear,) that now, when the end of these seemed come, when at last the great ocean of adversity ceased to bear her back upon its waves, when at length her foot seemed about to tread the verdant and the firmer land of kinder fortune, and this through the means of her great natural powers

in art, no wonder that the momentary revulsion was too great, and tears flowed forth as crystal water from a new-burst fountain. They were the expression of a little solitary, throbbing, anxious heart; they were the last signs of a sad past; the smiles to come of them, as "sunshine after rain, the tokens of a brighter future!"

Not liking to distress those good souls, perhaps, she slid them into the adjoining room; and there, in a few minutes following her with anxious and pitying tenderness, good little Mrs. Gibbons sat down on the bed's foot, by which the young girl knelt, and tenderly, tenderly, as the purest mother might a dearest daughter, lifted the little sobbing face into her arms, and sobbing, too, kissed away these tears of mingled grief and joy; tenderly, tenderly, as human mothers do.

"Oh! you must forgive me, please, dear lady," pleaded the young girl, as she grew calmer; "it is such joy to me to have succeeded in the art I love, for I see through it such hope for him, especially—my young brother—that I have been unable to subdue its expression by these silly tears. And then this money," she faltered, "seems so much, that—"

"It is nobly yours, my dear," said Mrs. Gibbons, "and you must let us add to it our humble friendship and care. We shall so prize this, believe me."

"And I," said Lucy, "beg it, and shall prize it too. For I know so much of you, from Mrs. Carden—know you so well, that ours seems an acquaintance long begun."

Thus this mother took this genuine little creature to her heart.

Presently Lucy rose, and going to a drawer, brought from thence a little box, which opening, she showed the dear friend what it held. Ten sovereigns already—now there were the others and the note. Oh! what joy, to add this precious coin to coin; this treasure of self-sacrifice; this evidence of what the human heart has hidden in it of divinity!

Yes, the precious, unseen treasures of the world, are not those only which lie beneath the mountains and the seas; but in the inspired hearts of human nature, self-sacrifice, and faith, and hidden holy deeds, make there a richness so abundant as to put comparison at fault, and leave their telling, till, in the great Kingdoms not of this world, all goodness of our mortal lives, shall shine in glory and be known! And none of all such riches shall seem more lovely than self-sacrifice, and the unspoken tenderness of poverty to poverty, and sorrow unto sorrow!

In a little while Lucy's tears were dry, and smiles came. She laved her face and brushed her hair; and then, hand in hand, with the old gentlewoman, returned to the sitting-room.—Here the old gentleman grew jocose as to the novelty of weeping at good fortune; and Lucy, to stay him, went down stairs to order tea, and have a peep at Frisker. Nelly and her mother were now home; so they bustled about, and got tea ready. A boy was soon found to supply Frankland's place, and thus, before long, the little company sat round the pleasant tea-table.

The old gentleman admired the young stranger very much, and wondered, vastly, in his own mind, if Grinling would think of a wife. Whilst Mrs. Gibbons, equally observant, noticed divers points of neatness, order, and so forth, and was much comforted thereby, for she was a nice, orderly gentlewoman, herself, and well knew what household blessings attend upon their exercise. After tea, Mr. Gibbons took Frankland a drive; and Lucy and Mrs. Gibbons going, together, into the pleasant garden, walked up and down, upon the terrace beside the river, till their return, talking, in low, sweet voices, of many things; the old lady lifting up her dress a little, with either hand, as was her quaint, accustomed manner.

Before the friends parted that night, it was arranged that Lucy should dine in Hatton Garden on the morrow.

Accordingly, after church next day, the old gentleman set off with Frisker and the dogs, to the little Canonbury cottage. Here Lucy was ready; and some three parts of an hour afterwards he led her across the threshold of his quaint old city home. She was welcomed by the trim little gentlewoman herself, who led her tenderly by the hand into the sweet old parlor, and put this very little hand, this pretty servant of adorning nature, into that of her pure-hearted, noble son.

Of course this strange abstracted man did not say much; not, however, believe me, abstracted to-day, but listening to every word, as we listen to entrancing music, and observing every look and gesture, as men do who are inspired with such a profound passion as his was; yet this so quietly as to be unobserved except by his watchful mother.

Then Mrs. Gibbons led the young stranger up into her dressing-room; and in a while returning, Lucy with that beautiful hair, and in that simple dress, perfect in all appliances, itself a thing of art, dinner was served up in a way quite worthy of old Prissy's skill; and after it, the table, laden with dessert, was drawn into the old bow-window, round which they sat, a group of happy friends, till the shadows of the evening fell. Then, after tea, Frisker was again put into requisition by the old gentleman, to take Lucy home; during which absence the mother and son talked over the happiness of the day, and the hopes that seemed to shine upon the early future.

Briefly I must relate succeeding circumstances. As was natural, the friendship thus begun was not suffered to drop from want of kindness and care on the part of the Gibbonses. In a few weeks it became quite an established custom for Lucy to take her Sunday dinner in Hatton Garden, and for Frankland to go there often on his holiday afternoons, where, much to his delight, he was suffered to divide his time between Frisker, the dogs, and the old gentlewoman: to say nothing of tarts, and enkies, and gingerbread, manufactured by Prissy for his especial use. The Bowyers were now home from Margate, and Lucy again busy with her duty to the three young daughters; so often returning thence by the city, she dined and spent the evening with the Gibbonses. Here she was very useful with her pencil,

and otherwise; for it was a wonderfully busy time; and as she had work likewise to take home, and for this was generously paid, her wardrobe, and her little rooms soon began to give signs of more prosperous days, and of ability to gratify her sense of the elegant and beautiful. This was pleasant to behold, for industry has not always the will or the power thus to give signs of the spirit within.

Between herself and Grinling a kindly friendship sprang up from the first, but to outward seeming it proceeded no further. They spoke unreservedly—they were master and pupil; in all the kind offices of daily life they were as brother and sister, but beyond this their friendship did not proceed. For whatever were Lucy's opinions and feelings as time progressed, she was carefully punctilious in her manner towards him, as she did not want them to think that she laid herself out to become the wife of the rich Gibbons's only son. She had no suspicion of the real truth, no suspicion of the deep love of that pure upright heart. On this point only there was reserve between herself and the tender little gentlewoman. On all else they spoke with the freedom of mother and daughter; but here, on the question the hearts of both burnt to speak of, they drew back the very words upon their lips, and were silent where they should have talked. Yet to say the truth, Lucy liked Grinling from the first. As her knowledge of him grew, as she saw in him the tender son, the noble master, the man of consummate genius in his art; as she found in him the man of education, who was comparatively unknown as a great artist and an accomplished gentleman, through his singular love of a simple homely life, and because self-love, or vanity, formed no part of his nature, she grew to love him day by day with all the tenderness a little earnest woman could. Yet she did not speak of this, hint this, show this—none, none but tiny Penn ever saw the solitary tears shed on this account. But seeing them, he strove to comfort them with all the tenderness of his little dumb nature. The Christmas holidays brought about a state of things that seemed full of promise for little Mrs. Gibbons's hopes. But a small incident soon marred them. A silversmith, of West-end repute, brought one day to Hatton Garden an exquisite piece of plate for a repair of the most delicate kind. It was a basket, said to be of Benvenuto Cellini's workmanship; and when young Mr. Gibbons was consulted as to its repairs, he could not help making inquiry concerning it.

"Why," said the silversmith, "it belongs to a very old customer of mine, a Wiltshire clergyman, of the name of Bassett, who after an absence of three years in Italy, has returned to England. He is very rich, and a man not only of consummate taste in the fine arts, but also the possessor of one of the finest English collections of antique plate, rare paintings, and Etruscan amphorae and jars. He is coming up to town at the Exhibition," added the West-end silversmith, "though his health latterly has been none of the best, and I shall then certainly direct his attention to your tripod, Mr. Gibbons, which rivals the best antique work I am acquainted with."

CHAP. V.

THIS honest compliment was lost to the ear of one who, with the ready self-torture of a lover, had listened to the first words, and those alone. "Yes, here was one of Miss Bassett's rich relations, and here the secret of her pride and coldness. She liked his mother as a friend, but of course she would not think of the son as a husband—a mere citizen of London. No! and this was why she repressed his advances." Such were Grinling's secret thoughts; very cruel and very unjust they were to the little creature of his love, who was only reserved out of mere shame and womanly delicacy. What was more cruel, he not only thought this, but determined to bury his passion in his breast, cost what it might. Thus, from this time, when they met, Grinling was unusually restrained; he absented himself as often as possible, and pretended an excess of duty that was not real. His mother saw all this with real grief, nor could she learn the cause, as whenever she attempted to speak to Grinling of his attachment to Lucy, he turned off the subject in a way that admitted no recurrence to it. Even his confidence in his mother was gone. But he suffered a martyrdom in the meanwhile that no one could pity. Lucy wondered at his manner, for she could assign no cause for it, other than that he fancied she was plotting to be his wife, and so was reserved on principle. This idea was confirmed by something Mr. Bowyer said one day jocosely "about the Hatton Garden wedding;" and, judging by this, that motives other than friendship were assumed to be the reason of her visits thither, she resolved to curtail their number, and absent herself as much as she could. This she did, under one excuse or another, till visits were only made at the intervals first of days and then of weeks. Thus seeing them fly away from one another, Mrs. Gibbons fell in, to a degree, with their humor, very wisely judging that things were best left to themselves. But though she did this, her affectionate regard for the young girl rather increased than otherwise. On the contrary, the good old gentleman, a deeper reader of nature than herself, saw the whole matter at a glance; and though his wife had not confided to him the secret of Grinling's love, yet he would talk of it to her, and tell her "it would come all right"—a blessing she rather hoped for than expected.

The winter months passed away, and April came. The good Bowyers had for some time noticed how pale Lucy had become, and thus increased their thoughtful care.

One day she stayed to dinner with them. After it, Mr. Bowyer, who was in an extraordinarily good humor, produced five little cases from his pocket.

"Here, girls," he said to his daughters, "is an Exhibition Ticket a-piece for you, and one for your mother. And the fifth I hope you will accept, Miss Bassett, as a token of mine and Mrs. Bowyer's esteem."

"I really—" began Lucy.

"You must not say a word, my dear," interrupted good-natured Mrs. Bowyer; "you know

we are *your* debtors, and both I and the girls have set our minds on your accompanying us there on the first of May. You must not refuse."

"Nor to accept a dress for the occasion," added Mr. Bowyer. "I have already told good Moggs to choose you one, and send it up by John, with any other thing she may think suitable. But," he went on, as though to stay her thanks, "why is it you never go to Hatton Garden, eh? Old Mr. Gibbons told me so the other day."

"I—I—I—" began poor Lucy, trembling and blushing, so that all could see; "they are busy, sir, and do not need company."

"Take care, little one," said Mr. Bowyer, gravely, that your small sin of pride—for even angels sin—does not offend, as it did us in the commencement of your duties. You are well born, but you must not presume upon it. The Gibbons, like ourselves, are plain people; but they are worthy and noble, as far as worth and nobleness can go; and their son is one of the finest as well as one of the most genuine human beings I am acquainted with—and great as well; for the tripod he has executed for the Exhibition is pronounced a masterpiece. So do not be wilful, little one; Grinling Gibbons loves you as few men love; accept his love, therefore, for it is counsel I would gladly give my daughters; and mind, for your wedding I will give you the 'silver wedding' silk; you may accept it with pride and honor, for though I have not told the secret before, this masterpiece of a pattern will have been drawn by the hand of your husband."

Overwhelmed with confusion, and half articulating something about its being late, Lucy hurried from the room. Saying, "Fie, Roberi, fie!" Mrs. Bowyer would have followed; but she was restrained by her husband.

"No, Emily, no; let the girls go and assist her." Then, when they were alone, he added, "It is right to let her know this, for both she and Grinling are playing at the most foolish cross-purposes, and making the good old people as miserable as can be. There must be no more of this, for she is attached to him, from what Moggs tells me; and as for Grinling, there is not a night but what he walks to Canonbury, and paces up and down the other side the river till her light can be no longer seen. This is romantic enough for a grave, reserved man like him. But it is right to serve him if we can, or he'll otherwise break his fine heart, believe me."

Full of shame and contrition, yet mingled hope and joy, Lucy was glad to get away and hasten home: there, alone, she wept, contritely thought over the past, and felt that she had been very foolish. She longed to go to the Gibbonses, to confess to the good mother her foolish, womanly sin; but little silly doubts and fears stayed her.

Good Miss Moggs sent the dress that evening by John; very simple and elegant it was. To it, acting on her license, the good soul had added a lace mantilla, with pretty handkerchief and gloves.

Gaining leave the succeeding day, she came in person to see Lucy, to arrange about a dressmaker, and to talk over the matter of the pretty bonnet that must crown the whole. But she

found her really ill; spent, and anxious, and pale. But though Lucy attributed this indisposition to any other cause than the real one, Miss Moggs, from what was talked about and what was dropped, guessed what was really the truth, and determined to act accordingly.

At length that glorious May-day dawned, which must be ever memorable in the annals of this country—in the annals of civilization—in the annals of the world; that marriage-day of Beauty to Utility, of Civilization to Art, of the Refinement that inspires to the Coarseness that degrades; that grand marriage-day of human interests to the Universal, the Pure, and the Exalted; that marriage-day of which a mighty Human Advance has yet to sing the fitting Epithalamy.

By six o'clock, Miss Moggs came to Canonbury in a cab, bringing with her the fine product of the milliner and dress-maker's needles; but the household were already up, and breakfast ready. It was soon over; and then, assisted by Mary, Miss Moggs performed her tender part of lady's maid with such astonishing results as to effect, that but for some paleness, and just shadow on her spirits, this little human creature in her prime never looked more fair. There was no time for talk; and, strange to say, Miss Moggs was not talkative that morning, though, as she assisted Lucy into the carriage kindly sent by Mr. Bowyer, she whispered, "Now be happy—this day will have brightness in it, depend upon it." So spoke this excellent friend.

The carriage had not proceeded far before the coachman stayed, at the request of a man dressed as a porter, who, advancing to the window, took from a basket an exquisite bouquet of greenhouse flowers, so fresh as to seem only that instant gathered; and holding it with great respect to Lucy, said, "These are for you, ma'am." Without other words, he touched his hat and disappeared.

There was but one that would send her flowers like these, and in this manner; her cheeks were not pallid now, or the beating of her heart less voluminous.

The Bowyers were all ready, and their own carriage at the door; then, just after a second taste of breakfast for form's sake, Lucy accompanied Mrs. Bowyer to the carriage, and was followed by the girls and their good father.

It was yet early, but all the world seemed abroad; in the Park were countless thousands, and the carriages trailed the length of miles.

And there, from out the vernal beauty of the trees, sprang that wonderful airy form of crystal radiance; those mighty ribs of giant yet invisible strength; that sign of a new architectural age, in which plague-generating cities of stone and wood are doomed inevitably to pass away; and men, through light and air, take on them a physical newness and a freshness in keeping with the purer mind, the worthier heart, the more sincere and daily action of the Christian duties!

In good time the party were pleasantly seated within view of the coming ceremonies of the day, themselves as happy as any of the happy thou-

sands there. Thus time went on, and those ceremonies were begun and ended, that will make that day memorable to coming ages as the first of those august holidays that, conceived in the wisest spirit of Christianity, shall produce effects in keeping with so sublime a creed!

As soon as the Exhibition was declared open, and the barriers, that had kept the nave clear during the Royal procession, were thrown open, the many thousands present began to circulate. It was then that a person who had been an attentive spectator in one of the adjoining galleries hastened down the nearest staircase, and making his way to where the Bowyers' little party were seated, accosted them just as they were about to mingle with the admiring crowd gathered in the transept. It was Grinling Gibbons, the silversmith of Hatton Garden. Mr. Bowyer, who knew him well, was struck by his altered manner and appearance; though in somewhat his old shy way, he rather avoided than looked round upon the little party, and addressed himself first to Mr. Bowyer.

"Would you," he said hesitatingly, "be so good as to spare Miss Bassett a little while? It is my mother and father's wish that she should see our stall to-day. Of course you are aware that there is a beautiful design there in which she has an interest."

"Of course we will," Mr. Bowyer replied, with a smile that meant much. "Emily, my dear," he continued, turning to his wife, and introducing Grinling as he spoke, "Mr. Gibbons wants to steal Miss Bassett from us. Will you spare her?"

"With pleasure," replied the kind friend smiling, too, "though it robs us of our best company. But go, my dear; Mr. Grinling will, I hope, take care of you."

"Yes, you must take care of her," said Mr. Bowyer reverently, as her father might have done, "for she is worthy of it. Now, good-by to both—recollecting that we dine at six o'clock, and shall welcome you if you come; if not, we shall neither be offended nor surprised." He laid an emphasis on this last word as he spoke it, and placed the young girl's hand upon the arm of her lover.

As for Lucy, she neither assented nor dissent-ed, but appeared to act by the will of others rather than by her own; and only raising up her pallid face, as it were, to say to those kind friends good-by, passed on without a word. Nor did Grinling speak; he only drew the little hand within his arm, retaining it for an instant as he did so. Thus he passed quickly on into one of the comparatively deserted naves, the larger portion of the assembly still remaining in the transept to witness the Queen's departure. The choirs, accompanied by the great organ, were singing the national anthem, and the sun, shining at the instant, poured its full glory on the solemn-did scene; so that no time or place could conse-
cate more the unspoken happiness of these two most genuine human creatures. Since the yester evening, and his mother's confidential conversa-tion with him after a visit from Miss Moggs, the world had become a new one to the shy, reserved man; now, under the same influence still, the

music blending with the gorgeous scene, he seemed to walk in fairy-land, or under the spell of enchantment. Yet there was still some pain, some doubt; a few minutes more, and the enchantment and the happiness would be perfect!

They passed on, both without speaking. At length approaching one of the areas facing the nave, Lucy, little as she looked, saw the tripod conspicuously placed amidst a gorgeous array of costly plate; the strong light scintillating amidst its airy branches, and shadows falling from where the deep blue of the porcelain cups was seen through the interstices of the filigree work. Though but few persons were in the nave, a group stood round this portion of the Gibbons's great show of manufactured plate; amongst these an elderly gentleman, leaning on a servant's arm. Some were admiring the tripod, and others the lesser articles; But Grinling, saying something about they "could not see it now" passed on into the area. It was tenantless, for the attendants were engaged at the part opening upon the nave, and no one but themselves were there; so he led her on towards a sort of little screen, or waiting-room, formed of green baize; though before he reached it he stayed.

"Why is it you have never been to see us, Miss Bassett?" he asked.

"I have been ill, sir; and —"

"But you could have let us know. My mother loves you like a daughter; and it was a real grief to her, last night, to hear of it from Miss Moggs. And but for this," he said meaningly, "I should not have been here to day."

"I—I—I, sir;" and in her anxious trepidation she attempted to pass on.

"But why?" he said, "You must tell me—I must know."

"Because, because—for several times when I came you went away—and—"

He had led her within the screen, and they now stood face to face, at least as far as it might be so, for hers still drooped.

"Was it of consequence whether I stayed or went—eh?"

She had not words to answer; but bending her face down within her little hands, she burst into a passionate flood of tears—a woman's usual form of eloquence in matters of this sort; but here they were very real, for her conscience smote her; she had been ill and anxious for many days, and now she was so grateful to be forgiven and be loved. All these things were real food for tears, and she wept out so convulsively, that it was well that that grand chorus was still sung on.

Her face, however, was hidden no longer in those little hands, but upon Grinling's shoulder, for thither he had drawn her in his arms.

"I love you," he said earnestly, "as fervently as it is possible to love. I have loved you since the hour I saw you reading to Dame Carden on that Sabbath afternoon; and the whole happiness of my life is in your hands. Will you, then, be my wife?"

There was no false sentiment in her character; nothing but what was pure and truthful, almost

to childishness. She looked up at once, and answered: "I will, dear Grinling, I will." And hiding her face again, she said: "Will you forgive me my naughtiness—my wilfulness? but—but—I did not want you to think that I loved you because of your mother, or that I appeared to seek you for—"

He loved the word "naughtiness," for it was a household word; so he kissed her last tears away as he added: "I, too, was wrong, and need forgiveness. I thought you proud and distant on account of your well-born relatives. But my error is at an end. Now thank and bless you, dear, for your willingness to walk through life with me, and for consenting to give joy to those dear ones in the old Hatton Garden home. But we have much to talk about that we cannot here. Now we will go to a place I have already thought of, to some cool paths in the Twickenham meadows, and there spend this richest day of our lives."

Again he dried her last tears in the manner I have already said, and was leading her from the little partitioned room, when footsteps approached, and Wilcox, a good old servant in the Hatton Garden business, entering, handed Grinling a card. A glance assured him how things stood, for this love affair and its connection with the beautiful design had been a great subject of gossip in the Hatton Garden work-rooms; but he affected to take no notice.

"If you please, sir," he said, "the gentleman whose name is on the card, who is at present staying at Mivart's hotel, will be glad to treat with you for the possession of the tripod, at your own price, should it be for disposal."

"To-day I cannot attend to business, Wilcox; though you may say it is already bespoken by Royalty."

"And the Buttercup Spoon, sir—I have already had several inquiries."

"If needed, fac-similes can be had at our ware-rooms. That identical spoon—the first one from the mould—cannot be parted with on any condition; and recollect, Wilcox, to bring it home with you early this evening, as I shall have occasion for it; and please just give this enclosed card to my mother." He took a card and pencil from his pocket-book; wrote on the former: "I shall be home with you by-and-by, to bring you a joy;" put this in an envelope, and gave it his foreman, who as he moved away stepped back for an instant.

"If you please, sir, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Bowyer has just been to me to say, that if you like to take his carriage from the ranks, and use it for an hour, sir, you can. It will then be in time for him and Mrs. Bowyer."

"Thank you, Wilcox, I will; it will be the very thing. Now recollect this card to my mother, and the spoon when you go to Hatton Garden in the evening." Good Wilcox with a smile of pleasure withdrew, for he loved his young master sincerely and was rejoiced to see such happiness come to him at last.

Grinling at this instant looked at the card the foreman had brought, and with an exclamation of surprise handed it to Lucy. On it was engraved the "Rev. John Bassett." For a moment she turned pale, and that old look of pain that

had been so often there crossed her face. But in a moment she recovered, and laid it down upon the little table. "Oh! not to-day, dear Grinling," she said; "let me not think for one instant of these old shadows. Let me cast them behind me as though they had never been; and only have in thought the joy that is to be mine in cleaving to you for life, and calling your glorious mother mine."

"You say true, dear one, this is no day for shadows; so now we will go," he said, when he had drawn her to his heart once more.

So avoiding the nave and its throng, they went away together again into the glory of the sunshine and the beauty of the scene; all things as it were consonant with their unspeakable happiness. Even the last notes of the choir and pealing organ seeming to bless their parting feet, and hallow with their sublimest dying whispers the golden promise of their coming lives!

Oh, gracious Lady Queen! the happiness of thy people is the richest, most enduring jewel in thy crown! And of it, as it shone this day, a glory and a wonder to the world, no trait of it, multiplying and excelling as these were, was richer, or more worthy, than that within the small, pure, human, loving heart I tell of!

So by carriage and railway they went, to those green, still, Twickenham meadows. There through the golden afternoon they talked, till shadows fell upon the river, and veiled the topmost boughs.

Ten minutes before the dinner hour, Grinling's envelope and card reached his mother's hand; with tremulous joy she showed it to her husband, who the previous night had been publicly admitted, as it were, into participation of the great secret.

"Well, my dear, well," he said, "I am glad it's all settled at last, and that for once in his life Grinling has behaved as if he really belonged to this world. As this is so, Prissy had better serve up the ducks and peas, as there is no knowing when these young people may present themselves."

He was quite correct, for they did not come, either at dinner-time or for a long while after. Not even by the time little Mrs. Gibbons was dressed in her very best gown, or the holiday tea-service of silver was got out, or the richest china set, or by the time the younger servant had been and returned from a nursery at Fulham with fresh flowers for the centre of the table, or by the time everything was ready and waiting. But the dear mother was very patient, knowing that the great joy was at hand; and this the more, that Prissy coming in to deliver the Spoon, related all that Wilcox had whispered to her respecting the "young master."

At length, when daylight was nearly gone, and the old gentleman had dropped off into a little doze, as likewise had the dogs and Sweep upon the hearthrug, the dear mother thought she heard a cab stay in the street, and footsteps and voices at the hall-door; still she sat like one not certain, or one who waited for the joy to come to her, as children purposely delay the tasting of their richest sweetmeats. She did not know that Wilcox

and Prissy watched by the hall-door with almost as anxious hearts as her own. At last the room-door itself was quietly opened, quiet feet crossed to where she sat; and before she could rise, nay even look around, her son's arm was about her neck, two little hands were put within her own, a small young figure knelt tenderly, tenderly down beside her.

"Dear mother," said Grinling, "I bring you your great joy at last—the purest, truest, most genuine little creature for a daughter. Love her, and accept her for my sake and her own."

Such a scene followed as it is impossible for me to describe, the old gentleman being aroused, and joining therein. In it were combined the pathetic, the tender, the joyous, and the congratulating; but I think the pathetic prevailed, for joy, like grief, owns to the baptism of tears.

The old gentleman put his pocket-handkerchief into his pocket, and asked "When?" "In two months," replied Grinling—"not a day more, for certain."

This positive information brought the old lady to think of her duty as hostess; and ascertaining, after much questioning, that these young people had had no more substantial dinner than a bun, gave divers orders immediately to Prissy, and forthwith conducted the little soul she loved so tenderly up stairs to her dressing-room. Here there was another scene of whispers, and congratulations, and tears; and not finally concluded till the old drawer had first been peeped into, and its sweet ancient perfume wafted round the room.

At last the little company were seated round the tea-table, Ben and Trim included, for they had been taught to sit on a chair; and dear old Sweep, tucked up beside the plum-cake, purred out a most amazing song, as to length and tenderness. As the old gentleman said, they only wanted Frankland and Frisker and Penn there, to make the company complete.

"Dear Fanny and the dog will be here, I dare say, by-and-by," said Lucy, "if Mr. Bowyer tell him that —"

"That you ran away from them to-day," suggested the old gentleman.

Tea was not over, when a most astounding long and loud rap was made at the hall-door; and soon after Prissy was heard to say:—

"You really cannot come in to-night, sir; master and missis are particularly engaged."

"But I must; I'm not come to see them, but my niece."

"Grinling," said Lucy, springing from her seat, and turning very pale, "that is Uncle Richard's voice." She reached the door just as it was opened, and a tall, weather-beaten old man, with but one arm, came in. He recognized her in a moment, as she fell almost fainting into his only arm. He bore her towards the light, exclaiming as he did so, and this seemingly without consciousness that others were present:—

"My dear, dear child; what a long separation ours has been, and what a sorrowful one!—for I have learnt what your trials were in Wiltshire, and how you left that cruel home, and fought your life here. Dear, noble little one,—so good,

and yet so fair. But I shall be here to protect you now, though I am but a poor, maimed old man, as you see."

Lucy looked up into his face, almost doubting whether it were or not her kind old uncle.

"I feared we should never meet on this earth again, dear uncle," she said; "but it is a joy beyond expression. Yet why did you not write?"

"You heard," he said in reply, "that my ship was on a voyage of survey round the Falkland Islands. One fine morning I left it, with our surgeon and naturalist, on a brief exploring expedition to one of the islands. We were suddenly attacked, whilst there, by an ambush of armed natives, who, killing my two companions and three seamen, disabled me in my right arm before I could escape. They rifled and then sunk our boat, and conveyed me in their canoe to some inaccessible spot in a remote island. Here I remained their captive, suffering much pain from ill usage and my disabled arm, until nine months since I was rescued by the crew of an American whaler, and conveyed by them to Quebec. Here I went into the hospital, where, after my arm was amputated, I recovered in a great degree. At my request, the good surgeon who attended me wrote to you several letters."

"I never received the letters, dear uncle,—I never did."

"It was not likely, dear child. They fell, as most other things, into the hands of that cousin Marplot in Wiltshire, who read, but fortunately did not destroy them. Some short time since, your uncle, in returning from the continent, found strong reason to suspect her honesty and truth in several things. This led to inquiry and search, and then the whole bubble burst. Our old steward, who had been reluctantly silent for many years, spoke of what he knew, as did others; my letters, too, were found, and her consistent cruelty to you and Frankland was made clear to your uncle. Nothing so distresses him as this latter point; for he had placed such implicit faith in all she said against you, and was led to believe that you were proud and wilful in deserting his roof. He is, however, anxious to make every reparation in his power. We came up to London together, last night, and he bid me seek you out to day, when my business at the agent's was over, and express to you his deep regret and sorrow for the past. You shall therefore see him to-morrow, and hear his plans respecting Frankland. But at first I thought I should not find you out, dear child, my clue of you was such a vague one,—nothing more than that you were governess at a rich mercer's in St. Paul's Church-yard. Even then I should have failed, but for a good creature,—a Miss Moggs."

All smiled, for Miss Moggs was a good angel everywhere.

"Uncle John was at the Exhibition this morning," said Lucy, "and wanted to purchase the silver tripod, Grinling's—I mean Mr. Gibbons's beautiful work."

The old uncle looked surprised, hearing her thus speak of the young man.

"And he would have purchased something else, too, if I mistake not," said Grinling, with

exceeding pride, as taking a morocco case off the table, he touched a spring, and showed the *Buttercup Spoon*. "The pattern of this your niece drew, Captain Bassett, and a lovely one it is."

"It is, indeed, sir, as far as I'm a judge. Ay, she was always clever. But hold it a little more in the light, sir; my eyes are dim. Ay, now I see it. It is beautiful, my darling child! To be so good and clever, and pretty all in one, is something rare!"

"Dear uncle," said Lucy, tenderly, "you must love that spoon; for through it I gained these dear friends you see here. And—and—" she faltered, as she hid her face upon the old man's shoulder—"it has brought about my promise of to-day, that I will be Mr. Gibbons's little wife."

"Is this so?" exclaimed the old man, with surprise; "then I must be good to him for your sake. But now let me sit down, little one; I am not so strong as I used to be. There, sit on my knee, and let me ask you a hundred questions."

Tea was made for the old captain, whilst he talked. In a little while he came to be so pleased with Mrs. Gibbons and the old gentleman, with Grinling, and with Trim, and Ben, and Sweep, into the bargain, that he declared this to be the happiest night of his life. At ten o'clock other visitors came—Mr. and Mrs. Bowyer, bringing Frankland and Penn, for they were anxious to learn how matters stood; and in no great while after, humbly came Miss Moggs.

They had not been long assembled, before the good old silversmith mysteriously withdrew.

In a short time he reappeared, bringing with him two very dusty bottles, which he put down on the table, with a vast show of triumph.

"There," he said, "you will taste here some wine, which nothing but a solemn occasion, such as this, would induce me to take from my cellar. There are but eight bottles left—six shall be for the wedding, and the rest for the——hem! but perhaps I'd better not mention what."

All knew what he meant, and smiled. Then he drank to the seaman's safe return, to the happiness of the lovers, and to that glorious May Day that, in a myriad consequences, both human and divine, can never die!

Now were you forgotten, little cups and buds! Rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air, you, in your freshness from the vernal fields, were types of these pure hearts; you, in your silvery scintillating richness, now were signs that duty, love, and culture may be one!

* * * * *

Lucy saw her uncle John next day, and there was such a reconciliation between them, as duty on one side, and an anxious desire of reparation on the other, could effect. He was somewhat disconcerted when he heard that her coming husband was only a silversmith; but he was, in a degree reconciled, when he heard who that silversmith was, and recollects that whilst two-thirds of the princes and nobles who employed Cellini were forgotten, even in name, that of the

great Florentine will be annexed to art as long as utility and beauty are one !

That very week a house was taken in the Regent's Park, as Lucy had made it one of the conditions of their early marriage, in order that she might be near the Bowyers, and so accomplish to the end, her duty to their young daughters. Here, every day, towards the evening, Frisker might be seen conveying the sea-captain, and Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, who all took a vast interest in papering, painting, and furnishing, though the home would not be needed till the winter.

On a day early in August, the wedding took place in the grand old city church I have already spoken of. The bridal dress was fashioned of the "silver wedding silk," and the old seaman gave its little trembling wearer to her husband. John Bassett was not there; but he made costly gifts. His presence was, however, not needed, for there were dear hearts, and kind hearts, in plenty!—the old Hatton Garden couple, the Bowyers, Miss Moggs, and Frankland. The cold, the proud, the credulously selfish were best away.

After the grand wedding-breakfast, these young people set off on a four months' tour to Italy. They returned when the time of English fires and English snows was come, with their belief confirmed and strengthened—that art, as applied to the great modern principle of utility, requires, both for its reception and application, a wider range of intellectual cultivation than at present is considered needful. Till this view is taken—till geometrical principles are made the servant, *not* the master of the mind; till the education in our art-schools, or at least, the education of the artist, shall not be confined to the pencil alone, the great purposes of utility and beauty, in their connection with civilization will not be achieved. When it is, when a wiser cultivation of the intellect shall be brought to bear upon design, in its three-fold application to textile, fictile, and metallurgic art, then a new age of art will have arrived, and be productive of immeasurable good !

Such was their idea—such is mine—and such is the simple story of the HATTON GARDEN SPOON.

PROFESSOR AIRY DOWN THE COAL-MINE.

PORREX . . . A Young Sage.

FERREZ . . . A Young Swell.

Ferrez. Here, Porrex, lend your ear.

Porrex. Conceive the loan Negotiated, Ferrex. Cut away.

Ferrex. Here is a paragraph in Wednesday's *Times*,

Which states—or I misread—that some Professor, His name—let's see—yes, AIRY, hath gone down Into a coal-pit, with some pendulums, Electric wires, and goodness knows what else, And hath abided there for several days, In the pursuit of knowledge.

Porrex. It is true.

He's Queen Victoria's chief Astronomer.

Ferrex. What doth he at the Court, then, of King Coal?

Porrex. He wants to weigh the Earth.

Ferrex. It seems to me, As an Astronomer the man should know A shorter course. In his own Zodiac Hang Libra, or the Scales. Let him take them, And go his weighs.

Porrex. Thou speakest foolishly. Jingling the word, but jangling on the sense. If thou dost seek for information, well, If not, shut up.

Ferrex. Thy brotherly rebuke Is just, and just the thing my jest deserved. Now tell me, Porrex, what is the connection Between the Airy and the Coalhole.

Porrex. This. He'd weigh, I've said, the Earth.

Ferrex. One other joke, And then I've done. Risking his precious neck In such a task, proclaims him what the printers Denominate a Weigh-Goose. Now, get on.

Porrex. 'Tis needful, therefore, that he should discover

Whether this earth, at distance from its surface, Grows denser than above. Perceivest, dense one?

Ferrex. Marry come up! I apprehend thee well. But he might learn the nature of the soil Below the pit, without descending thither, Seeing that buckets full come up each minute.

Porrex. Dreariest of donkeys and of dunder-heads

The dullest; thy unscientific soul Appreciates not the great Astronomer.

Ferrex. Yes. I know well, that from a coal-pit's bottom The stars are seen at noonday. If he took His telescopes down with him, and attended To his own business, so. But weigh the Earth! Pooh! Pshaw! Bah! Boosh! Stuff! Twaddle!

Tilly-Vally!

Porrex. Thy interjections prove thy wealth of words, And poverty of wit.

Ferrex. It may be so. I'd learn of thee. Well, he took down his clocks, And pendulums, and tripods, and the colliers Hearing each clock's strike, thought upon their own. But how all this assisted him I know not.

Porrex. Listen. If earth were denser towards its centre,

The force of gravitation would compel More rapid action of the pendulum (When 'tis approximated towards such centre) Than's seen upon earth's surface. Therefore, sir, If of two clocks (joined by electric tie To note the variation) that below Goes faster than its twin *horloge* above, We've gained at once the fact of density's Increase—let computation do the rest. Dost understand it now, thou Booby, speak ? Ferrex. Blest if I do. Let's go and have some beer.

[Punch.]

From Chambers's Journal.

THE GREAT IRON STEAMSHIP.

THE many thousands who pass daily up and down the Thames, have had their curiosity excited for some months past by the gigantic looking structure of iron which is gradually rising on its left bank, about four miles below London Bridge. In the locality familiarly known as the Isle of Dogs, where the river suddenly takes a sweep round three-fourths of a circle, enclosing a morass of more than a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, the greater part of which is several feet below highwater-mark, some of our most extensive and eminent iron ship-builders have erected their factories. It is to one of these, at the southern extremity of the peninsula, we wish to conduct our readers. The works are of great extent, and cover a large area of ground, which here, although so well suited to the operations carried on, and so close to the metropolis, is comparatively valueless for other purposes. In Messrs. Scott Russell & Co.'s factory, iron ships and steamers of all sizes are being constantly constructed; and the clang of thousands of hammers riveting red-hot bolts, and the heavy booming sound of sledge and steam hammers, with the dense clouds of smoke and bursts of flame which meet the visitor as he approaches the works, must remind him, if he have any military experiences, of a fiercely-contested battle-field, whilst it indicates to all the extent and activity of the operations carried on within. The whole expanse of the interior of the factory is covered with sheets, and ribs, and bars of iron; ropes and pulleys, winches and shears, railways to facilitate the conveyance of materials, and portable furnaces for heating the iron bolts, are encountered at every turn; and iron vessels, in every stage of progress—their sterns pointing towards the river—occupy the numerous building slips. But our business is with none of these; and proceeding to an inner yard, with a wide frontage towards the river, we come upon the gigantic iron steam-ship which is now being built for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company.

The present appearance of this Leviathan, for as yet she has received no name, is as unlike that of a ship as can well be imagined. Four or five lofty walls of iron, standing some sixty feet apart, and supported by other transverse walls, would lead one to believe that here is the shell or framework of some enormous iron warehouses about to be shipped off to one of our colonies; and it requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to believe that these walls form portions of the interior of the hull of a merchant ship. At one extremity of the yard stands a flag-staff, on which a Union-jack is hoisted, which, we are told, will be her stern; and at the other extremity another, to indicate her bows; and between these two points is a space of nearly 700 feet in length! The project of building a ship of her extraordinary dimensions when first made public, created a good deal of discussion, and, we may add, ridicule. It was urged that it would be impossible to construct a ship of 675 feet in length of sufficient strength, and that the first heavy sea she encountered would break her in

two; that no port or harbor would have depth of water sufficient to float her; and that no amount of steam power she could carry would propel her at an average speed. Nevertheless, the Eastern Steam Company put faith in the calculations of their engineer, Mr. Brunel; Mr. Scott Russell undertook to build her, and she is now more than half completed.

The preparation of the ground on which the Leviathan ship is being constructed, was in itself a work of considerable labor and cost. An embankment of about 1000 feet in length, and 500 feet wide, was formed along the river side, by driving massive piles to a depth of 40 or 50 feet; and where the greatest weight is to be supported, along the line of the keel, the piles were driven in at intervals of five feet. The cargoes of two 600 ton ships loaded with earth were then impeded upon these piles, and rammed firmly down, so as to form a solid foundation. On this platform, which is a few feet above highwater-mark, solid blocks of timber were placed at short intervals; and on these blocks, which stand about four feet high, the keel was laid, and is now carried out its full length of nearly 700 feet. The position of the ship is about 40 yards from the water, and parallel to the line of the river, with her head down the stream, as it would be impossible to turn a vessel of her length without great difficulty, even on the broad bosom of the Thames. The whole of the hull, even to the upper deck, will be formed of iron plates of considerable thickness, and from her keel to about eight feet above the water line she will be double, or two perfect hulls one within the other, with an interval between them of about 36 inches. She will have ten water-tight compartments, at intervals of 60 feet; and these will be crossed by two longitudinal walls of iron, running the entire length of the ship, and again subdividing these compartments. While adding very materially to the strength of the hull, these longitudinal divisions will effect the further object of completely isolating and separating the coal, which will be stowed in the sides, from the furnaces, boilers and machinery, which will be placed in the centre. The hulls are kept in their relative position to each other by longitudinal iron stringers or keelsons, at intervals of five feet; and in the event of any accident occurring to the outer covering, the inner hull will be strong enough to insure the perfect safety of the ship. The bottom is flat for a distance of 12 or 15 feet either side of the keel, which, by the way, is on a line with the outer hull, and presents no obstruction to her lying perfectly flat, and without straining, on the floor of a dock or cradle when repairs are needed. The iron plates of which her hull and compartments are formed are upwards of an inch in thickness, ten feet long, and weigh about half a ton each. The lower part of the hold will contain the machinery, boilers, stores, coal, and merchandise; while the upper part will consist of three tiers of decks for the passengers, one above the other, and running the whole length of the vessel. The lowest of these tiers will be at least six or eight feet above the water line, and the decks will be eight feet apart, affording ample space for light and ventilation

—the latter being provided for by port-holes of large size, running at intervals along the sides, and which can be kept open in any weather. For greater security, there will be a strong iron deck interposed between the furnaces and machinery below and the passenger department above, thus cutting off all communication. The sleeping berths will be ranged round the sides, and there will be large saloons in the centre for each of the three decks, 60 feet in length, and of proportionate width. The upper deck, which covers all will be flush from stem to stern. This deck, which will add very materially to the strength of the hull, will be double and slightly arched. Its construction will be cellular, like that of the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait, and it will resist any amount of strain or concussion that can possibly be applied to it.

The principle on which the ship is being constructed, is one which is now recognized among all practical and scientific men—namely, that the strength of iron depends upon the plates being placed at right angles to each other; and the whole framework of the hull has been arranged with a view to this object. Internally, it is a combination of iron walls—ten running transversely, two intersecting these longitudinally, and four crossing horizontally. All the walls are strengthened still further at the junctions by solid angle-irons; and the whole of this cellular arrangement is enclosed in a double iron-casing or hull, which gives the enormous mass perfect rigidity, and a strength which, we are assured, equals what it would be if formed of solid iron. The plates, although numbered by thousands, are all cut out, in the first instance, by means of wooden models in the moulding-loft; each of them has its peculiar list or inclination and shape, with the number of holes to be punched; and each of them, as it leaves the rolling-mill, where it is gauged to the sixteenth-part of an inch, has a particular letter and number marked legibly upon it; and by means of this name, which the plate ever afterwards retains, the workmen, on its arrival, know at once its position in the vast pile, and it proceeds straight to its destination.

We now come to the machinery by which the vessel is to be propelled. She will be furnished both with paddle-wheels and a screw—the former, of a nominal power of 1000 horses; the latter, of 1600 horses: but, practically, the combined power may be estimated at 3000 horses. The paddle-wheel machinery is now being constructed in the same building-yard, in which a shed had to be built for the purpose of fitting and erecting the engines. The four cylinders in which the pistons are to work are the largest in the world, and the castings the largest that have ever been attempted in one piece. For each cylinder, about thirty-five tons of melted metal was required; and when the dressing and clearing of superfluous metal was accomplished, they weighed twenty-eight tons each. Of these unwieldy masses of iron, three have been already successfully cast, and without a flaw. For the castings, an enormous iron cofferdam was constructed in the foundry to a depth of 25 feet; and after the mould had been properly prepared, into this

the contents of several caldrons of molten metal were simultaneously poured, and the casting made. Some idea of their great size may be formed when we state, that lying on their sides on the ground, a man with his hat on may walk through without touching the upper side; and that a table and seats, calculated to accommodate eighteen persons, were laid in one of them. The engines, when erected and put together, will be upwards of 50 feet in height. The machinery for the screw-propeller is being made by Messrs. Watts of the Soho Foundry, and will be of similar gigantic proportions. To set in motion this powerful machinery, there will be twenty vast furnaces and as many boilers, the smoke and waste steam of which will be carried off by five funnels. The boilers and furnaces will occupy five of the central sixty-feet compartments of which we have already spoken, and the engines will be placed in two others. The weight of the entire machinery will be about 3000 tons, and of the hull 10,000 tons—making 13,000 tons. She will carry, in addition, several thousand tons of coal and merchandise, 1000 first-class, and 600 second-class passengers, and her measurement capacity gives her something like 25,000 tons burden! Notwithstanding her enormous dimensions, her draught of water will be comparatively small—not exceeding 20 feet when light, and 30 feet when fully loaded. When afloat, she will present an appearance very different from that of any merchant-ship yet built. She will carry five or six masts and five funnels, and will resemble a huge three-decker, like the *Duke of Wellington*, only that she will be nearly three times the *Duke's* length. The three decks appropriated to passengers will rise, tier above tier, to a height of 35 feet out of the water; and the rows of port holes will, at a little distance, present the appearance of a formidable battery of heavy artillery. At present, about half of her hull has been completed: she will be ready for launching next year, and will be sent into the water, broadside in, upon two enormous ways. Her cost will be upwards of £400,000.

One of the great features in this gigantic undertaking is, that the vessel will carry coal for the whole voyage out and home; and the quantity required may be guessed at when we state that her voyage will be round the world. The great cost of coal has hitherto been the obstacle to the profitable employment of steam-ships on long sea-voyages. Coal will be put on board this Leviathan at about 10s. per ton, while the cost of this necessary article at the Cape of Good Hope and Australia varies from £2. 10s. to £5 per ton, to say nothing of the impracticability at times of procuring a sufficient supply at any price, and the loss occasioned by the delay in coaling, and the risk to the vessel. It is this which has hitherto prevented the ordinary class of steam-ships from competing successfully with sailing-vessels in the Australian trade; and at the present moment there are only two steam-ships trading between England and Australia. Clipper-built ships can run the whole way from England to Port Phillip without stopping, unless short of water, or compelled to touch at some port from some other emergency. Another impor-

tant object which the company expect to achieve by the construction of this large ship is, that they will obtain a speed far superior to that of any vessel now afloat. At the recent meeting of the British Association in Liverpool, Mr. Scott Russell demonstrated that length was one of the essentials of speed; and he believes that it will be as easy to propel this vessel at eighteen or twenty miles an hour, as one of the ordinary size and dimensions at twelve miles an hour. Up to a recent period, our naval and mercantile ships were built with round bluff duck's-breast bows; and when any attempt was made to propel them at great speed, they heaped up a mound of water before them, which no power of sails or steam could drive the vessel through at a rapid rate; in fact, the greater the attempted speed, and the more powerful the machinery, the greater was the resistance. At length the idea suggested itself, of making the water lines of the ship correspond with the waves of the sea, by means of which she should gently and gradually divide the particles; instead of convex, therefore, fine hollow lines were substituted; and the broadest part of the ship was gradually removed from near the bows to within a third of the stern. This form, which completely reverses the old model, has within the last twenty years been universally recognized and adopted in Europe and America; but it is by no means new. The old London wherries were built on this principle; the Indian boats, which are the finest of their class in the world, and the Turkish caiques, were all constructed with fine lines; and Mr. Scott Russell has reduced the form and speed to mathematical principles and calculation. Entering-lines, 24 feet long, will give a speed, under ordinary circumstances, of 8 miles an hour; to obtain 16 miles an hour, the entrance-lines must be 100 feet long; and to accomplish a speed of 24 miles an hour, the ship must be upwards of 400 feet in length. This is the secret of the speed of the *Himalaya* steamship, which has the greatest speed, with the smallest expenditure of steam-power, of any vessel of her class; and this will be the secret of the success of our Leviathan steamship.

As she now lies on the river's bank, she is apparently one of the most unwieldy-looking, misshapen masses to which the term 'ship' could be applied. On the water, she will present the appearance and form of the finest and fastest clipper, and will cut through the water with comparatively little resistance. If any of our readers will take the trouble to mark off upon a sheet of paper a length of seven inches and three-quarters, and at a distance of about three inches from one end intersect it by a line of nearly an inch in length, and then form a triangle from this intersecting line to the furthest end, they will have a very good idea of the length and fineness of the entering-lines of the Leviathan. Her actual measurements are 675 feet long, 83 feet wide at her greatest breadth of beam, and 60 feet deep in the hold. She will touch at no port between this and Australia—is expected to make the voyage in thirty days—and return by Cape Horn in thirty days more; thus making the circuit of the globe in two

months! Although she will carry masts and sails, it is not anticipated that the latter will be found of much service, as at her ordinary speed of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, she will be in the unpleasant predicament of always having the wind in her teeth. Another of her qualifications, which probably was not dreamed of at the time she was ordered to be constructed, is, that in consequence of her great speed, extreme sharpness, and the solid substantial manner in which she has been built, she will prove, without carrying an ounce of gunpowder, or a single warlike weapon on board, one of the most formidable engines of destruction ever devised. The most powerful three-decker that ever floated would be cut in two, and broken up like an egg-shell, if the Leviathan, with her tremendous 'weight of metal,' of some twenty-five or thirty thousand tons, her sharp wedge-like bows, and a speed of twenty miles an hour, were to run full tilt at her while lying like a helpless log on the water; and so firmly will she be bound and knitted together, that there is every reason to believe she would herself escape uninjured. Without entering further upon these sanguinary speculations, we may hope that the year 1855 will witness the completion of one of the most magnificent specimens of naval architecture the world has ever yet beheld.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

MATEO FALCONE.

THE people of Corsica are amongst the most peculiar in Europe. They remind one of the middle ages—of its lawlessness, ferocity, revengefulness, feudal contentions, and savage warfare. Corsica is a department of France, but it has nothing French about it. Corsica is Italian—and more Italian than Italy itself. It is what Italy may have been hundreds of years ago, before it was civilized by arts, manners, and education. Napoleon was a Corsican, and never a Frenchman, though he made France and its glory the stepping-stones to his ambition. The Corsicans to this day are little better than a colony of banditti—it is parcelled out, as it were, among some two hundred robber chieftains, each confining himself to his particular district, from which he draws a revenue of irregular imposts, and permanent blackmail. Deadly feuds are still common amongst these "noble families;" and the private wars which decimated Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, have still their counterpart in that island, and display themselves in a perpetual play of sanguinary outrages, of which, however, civilized Europe hears little or nothing. Yet, as recently as 1848, we did hear of a terrible encounter which took place between the Filippi and Petrignani—the two great families of Venzolasco, a few miles from Bastia, in which two persons were killed and a large number

wounded. The rule of retaliation being customary in Corsica, ten persons were afterwards taken off by private assassination in consequence of this quarrel, one of the persons killed being a priest, a partisan of the Filippi, who was shot while descending the steps of the altar.

The Corsican nobles live in houses or castles, which are regularly fortified and sentinelled,—and this is the case even when they live in towns,—the rival families sometimes, as in the case of the two families above named, living on opposite sides of the same street, so that in times of hot feud, a mouse dare scarcely venture out of the opposite and rival house, without being a mark for sundry rifles from the other side of the way. When the villagers move out of doors, all of them belonging to one or the other factions, they take their rifles with them as a matter of course; and they shoot at their enemies, or are shot at by them, with equal *sang froid*. Deadly enmities are caused by slight matters. For instance, a young gentleman, the son of a M. Malaspina, sought the hand of the daughter of an old gentleman belonging to the opposite faction. The youth was refused, and forthwith shot the old gentleman; on which the relatives of the murdered man waged the usual Corsican *vendetta* of the murderer, and all his kin, the issue of which, was that M. Malaspina, the father of the would-be bridegroom, was shortly after assassinated. This occurrence took place only a few years back.

Such being the character of the nobles, that of the common people may easily be imagined. Small banditti abound in all parts of Corsica, which are frequently taken into the pay of the chiefs on the occasion of a feudal outbreak. At other times they plunder for themselves, and carry on their own feuds. Every man of them walks armed in broad daylight, and is ready to send a bullet through a rival on a moment's notice. Yet, would you believe it, there is an almost religious sense of "honor" prevailing amongst these banditti,—when hunted by the *gendarmes*, they will peril their lives in the succor of their fellows,—and on such occasions, to conceal, and if need be, defend a robber by force of arms, is regarded almost in the light of a sacred duty. Keeping in mind these circumstances, the reader will be able to understand the dark tragedy which we are now about to relate. It is no mere invention, but an actual occurrence, the leading facts of which were published in the French papers a few years since; and we may add, that it is thoroughly characteristic of the more savage and ferocious features of Corsican life.

A little to the north-west of Porto Vecchio, the land rises rapidly from the seashore towards the interior; and after some three

hours' walking, through tortuous roads, sometimes cut across by ravines, and in many places obstructed by rocks, the traveller at length reaches an extensive copse, known in the island as the *Maquis* of Porto Vecchio. The copse is so dense in many places—so twined and interlaced together by strong creepers, that even the sheep fail to penetrate them.

When a Corsican kills another Corsican in a feud or a quarrel, he takes to the copse; and if he be provided with gun, powder, and ball, he will be able to live there for a time in perfect security. The shepherds all provide the fugitive with bread, cheese, and chestnuts, and he has nothing to fear from the relatives of the deceased, except when he next descends to the towns to lay in a fresh store of ammunition.

Mateo Falcone lived on the skirts of this copse, in the year 18—. He was a man moderately well to do in the world: a sort of farmer, though he did no work himself; he lived on the produce of his flocks, which his shepherds, a kind of nomadic race, pastured among the neighboring hills. Mateo was about fifty years of age at the date of our narrative. Imagine a little thick-set man, with frizzled hair, black as jet, an aquiline nose, compressed lips, and large black lustrous eyes. His dexterity with his gun was cited as extraordinary, even in a country where most of the natives are expert marksmen. At a hundred and twenty paces he could send a bullet through the shoulder or head of a deer with precision and certainty. His fire was as deadly at night as by day, and some of his reported feats of dexterity in this way would appear incredible to those who have not travelled in Corsica.

Mateo Falcone was a warm friend, but a deadly enemy. Kindly and charitable amongst his neighbors, he lived at peace with them, and was much respected in the Porto Vecchio district, notwithstanding several feats performed with his deadly rifle, which would not have added to his respectability among a less savage community. For instance, it was currently related of him, that at Corte, from which place he had married his wife, he had summarily disengaged himself of a rival, almost as good a shot as himself, and who was formidable, alike, in love as in war; at least, Mateo got all the credit of a certain rifle bullet which surprised this rival of his, as he was one day shaving himself before a little mirror hung in his window-frame. But the affair having blown over, Mateo married the object of this rivalry; and his wife, Guiseppa, brought him, first, three daughters, at which Mateo was much annoyed.) and lastly, a son, whom he named Fortunato. He was the hope of the family, and the inheritor of the family name.

The daughters were all well married; and Mateo, at need, could reckon upon the poignards and carbines of his sons-in-law. The son, Fortunato, was, at the date of our story, only ten years old, and he, already, gave indications of a good disposition and character.

One day, in autumn, Mateo set out early, with his wife, to visit one of his flocks, which was grazing in a distant part of the copse. Little Fortunato wished to accompany him, but the place was too far off, so the boy was left to take care of the house. Mateo had been gone some hours, and the little boy was lying basking in the sun, gazing at the blue mountains in the distance, and congratulating himself that, on the coming Sunday, he should go to the neighboring town to dine with his uncle, the corporal,* when he was suddenly roused by the report of a gun. He rose and looked across the plain, towards the place from whence the noise proceeded. Other shots followed, fired at irregular intervals, and always coming nearer and nearer. At last, along the path which led from the plain, towards the house of Mateo, there appeared a man wearing a pointed bonnet, such as the Corsican mountaineers usually wear; he was a bearded, wild-looking fellow, covered with rags, and he dragged himself along with difficulty, leaning heavily on his carbine. He had just received a musket bullet in his thigh.

This man was a bandit—a proscribed Corsican—who, having set out by night, to buy gunpowder in the neighboring town, had fallen into an ambuscade of gendarmes. After making a vigorous defence, he began to retreat, firing upon his pursuers, who followed him from rock to rock, and gained rapidly upon him; but his wound seriously impeded his flight, and despairing of reaching the copse, in his wounded state, he forthwith made for the dwelling of Mateo.

"You are the son of Mateo Falcone?" said he to Fortunato, as he drew near.

"Yes."

"Then I am Gianetto Sanpiero. I am pursued by yellow-necks.† Hide me, for I can proceed no further."

"And what will my father say, if I conceal you without his permission?"

"He will say thou hast done well."

"How do I know that?"

"Come," said the man, eagerly; "hide me quickly; they will be here directly."

* The *caporauz* were formerly the chiefs of the common people of Corsica, and their leaders when they rose in insurrection against the feudal lords. Society, in Corsica, is divided into five castes: *gentlemen* (of whom some are *magnifica*, and others *signori*), *caporali*, *citizens*, *plebeians*, and *foreigners*.

† The uniform of the Corsican *gendarmes*, *volteurs*, was then brown, with a yellow collar.

"Wait till my father comes."

"Wait? Curses! Hide me at once, or I kill you."

Fortunato replied with the greatest *nonchalance*: "Your gun is discharged, and you have no more charges in your cartouche-box."

"But I have my dagger."

"And can you run as quick as I?" asked the boy, springing lightly beyond the bandit's reach.

"Ah! you are *not*, then, the son of Mateo Falcone. He would *never* let me be arrested at his door."

The boy appeared moved. "What will you give me," said he, approaching the man, "if I conceal you?"

The bandit felt within a leather pouch which he wore round his waist, and drew forth a five-franc piece, which he had doubtless intended to spend on ammunition. Fortunato smiled at sight of the money. He took it, and said, "I will hide you, then; fear nothing."

Very near to the house was a hay-rick, into a hole in the bottom of which Fortunato directed the bandit to creep. Then, hastily covering up the opening, the boy brought the cat and its litter of kittens, and placed them over the hiding-place. Seeing traces of blood along the path, he ran and sprinkled dust over them, and then lay down again in the sun, as if asleep.

In a few minutes, six *volteurs*, commanded by an adjutant, appeared before the door of Mateo. This adjutant happened to be a distant relative of Falcone. He was called Tiodoro Gamba: he was an active fellow, somewhat of a terror to the bandits, several of whom he had tracked and captured.

"Good day to you, my young cousin," said he, accosting Fortunato. "Dear me! what a big boy you have grown! Have you seen a man pass this way, just now?"

"Yes; I am big; but I have not grown so tall as you yet, cousin," said the boy, assuming a simple air.

"Oh! you will be very soon; but tell me—have you seen a man pass by?"

"Have I seen a man pass by?"

"Yes, a man with a pointed black cap, and a red and yellow waistcoat?"

"A man with a pointed black cap, and a red and yellow waistcoat?"

"Yes! answer me quick, and don't repeat my questions."

"Well, then, M. le Curé passed this morning, on his horse Peter. He asked me how father did, and I said—"

"Ah! you little rogue, you are up to trick! Tell me at once if Gianetto, the bandit, has passed, for it is him we seek: I am quite certain that he came this way."

"How am I to know?"

"How are you to know? Why I know very well that you have seen him."

"Do you think I can see people when I am asleep?"

"You have not been asleep, you good-for-nothing. The firing must have awokened you."

"You think, then, cousin, that your muskets make so big a noise. I can tell you that father's carbine makes a far bigger."

"May the devil confound you, you little reprobate. I am *certain* you have seen Gianetto. I shall not be surprised if you have even concealed him. Ho! comrades; let us search the house. He was hopping along on one leg, and could not have gone far. Besides, here are the tracks of blood."

"And what will papa say?" asked Fortunato, with a grin—"what will he say when he learns that you have entered his house while he was absent?

"Scamp that you are?" cried the adjutant, seizing the boy by the ear, "I have a good mind to make you change your tune: perhaps twenty strokes with the flat of a sabre will make you speak out."

Fortunato grinned again. "But my father is Mateo Falcone, you know," said he with emphasis.

"Don't you know, you little fool, that I can carry you to Corte or to Bastia, where I could put you into a dungeon, with irons on your legs. Now, sirrah, I will have you guillotined, unless you tell me at once where Gianetto Sampiero is."

The boy burst into laughter at his cousin's threat. He only repeated, "But my father is Mateo Falcone."

"Adjutant," said one his men to him in a low voice, "pray don't get us embroiled with Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed, and was in doubts as to how he was to proceed. He went to a side with the men, and consulted with them in an under tone. By this time they had thoroughly searched the house, but could find no traces of the fugitive. The search did not take them long; for Mateo's cabin consisted of but one square room, with the usual furniture of table, seats, chests, and articles for hunting or domestic uses. Meanwhile, Fortunato lay down and caressed the cat and her kittens, and seemed maliciously to enjoy the confusion of the voltigeurs and his cousin.

One of the men approached the hayrick; he saw the cat, and gave her a passing poke with his bayonet amongst the hay; but he shrugged his shoulders, as if he felt that to search there were only absurd. Nothing stirred, nor did the face of the boy betray the slightest emotion.

The adjutant and his men uttered imprecations at the continued obstinacy of Fortunato. They already began to think of proceeding across the plain, when the adjutant, seeing that all threats were vain, determined to try a different course, and to see what flattery and bribes would effect.

"Little cousin, come here," said he; "you seem to be a merry fellow. You are playing the rogue with me a bit; and if it wern't for the uneasiness that I would be causing to my cousin Mateo, I would certainly carry you off with me."

"Bah!"

"But when my cousin returns, see if I do not tell him of this affair, and then see if he will not flog you within an inch of your life for having lied to me so."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, you will see. But come now, if you will only be a good boy, I will give you something nice."

"And I will give you a bit of advice," said Fortunato, "which is, that if you waste more time, Gianetto will surely get into the copse, and then it will be of no more use for you and your louts to go in search of him."

The adjutant had drawn from his fob a silver watch, worth about ten crowns; and observing the eyes of the little Fortunato sparkled as he caught sight of it, holding it up by its copper chain, he said to him—

"Now, you little rogue, you! Wouldn't you like to have a watch like this round your neck? and then you could walk the streets of Porto Vecchio as gay as a peacock; and then people would ask of you, 'What o'clock is it, Master Fortunato?' on which you would say, 'Look at my watch and see!'"

"Oh, yes, when I am a little bigger, my uncle, the corporal, is to give me a watch."

"But the son of thy uncle has already got one, though he is younger than you; and then his watch is nothing like so fine a one as this."

The boy sighed.

"Well, will you have this watch or not, my little cousin?"

Fortunato, glancing at the watch with the corner of his eye, looked like a cat to whom a whole chicken is offered. He fancied that his cousin was only mocking him, and he durst not clutch the watch. From time to time he turned his eyes away from it, as if to avoid the temptation; and the expression of his face seemed to say, "How very cruel this pleasantry is!"

But the adjutant seemed to be quite in earnest, and still held out the watch. At length Fortunato cried, "Why do you mock me so?"

"By heavens I do not mock you! only tell me where Gianetto is, and this watch is yours."

Fortunato still smiled incredulously, and

fixing his black eyes on those of the adjutant, he fancied he saw there an expression of that good faith which his words pretended.

"May I lose my epaulette," cried the adjutant, "if I do not at once give you the watch on the condition I have named. Comrades, you are witnesses; and I cannot go back from my word."

Thus speaking, he brought the watch nearer to the boy's eyes, till it almost touched his pale cheek. One might see the struggle going on in his bosom, between covetousness and the rights of hospitality — regarded as almost sacred by Corsicans. His breast heaved, and he seemed ready to choke. The watch was still before his eyes; it turned round and swung before him, almost touching the point of his nose. At last, little by little, the boy's right hand raised itself towards the watch; the tips of his fingers touched it; and then it rested within his hand, without the adjutant quitting the end of the chain. The dial was azure; the case had been newly polished; shining in the sun, it appeared all on fire. The temptation was too strong, and it mastered the boy.

Fortunato raising his left hand, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at the hayrick against which he was leaning. The adjutant instantly comprehended the meaning of the sign. He let go the chain, and Fortunato found himself the possessor of a watch! He sprang up with the agility of a young deer, and bounded off some ten paces from the hayrick, which the voltigeurs were now busily searching.

They soon saw the hay stirring; and then a man, all bloody, with a dagger in his hand, emerged from the bottom of the rick; but, as he attempted to gain his feet, his stiffened wound prevented him from holding himself upright, and he fell. The adjutant threw himself upon the man, and snatched his dagger from him and in a few seconds, despite a still desperate resistance, the bandit was tightly bound with cords — a king's prisoner.

Gianetto, lying on the ground, bound like a faggot, now turned his head towards Fortunato, who by this time had drawn nigh. "Ah, traitor, son of —!" His reproach was delivered in a tone of infinite contempt, rather than of anger. The boy threw at him the piece of silver which he had received from the robber as the price of his concealment, as if conscious that he did not now deserve to retain it; but the bandit took no notice of the act. He coolly said to the adjutant, "My dear Gamba, I cannot walk; you will be obliged to carry me to the town."

"Why," said Gamba, "only a few minutes ago, you ran like a roebuck; but be at your ease; I am well pleased to have taken you, and I would be willing myself to carry you a

league upon my back. Nevertheless, comrade, we shall make a litter of branches for you, and spread your cloak over it; we shall be able to get horses at the farm of Crespoli."

"Good!" said the prisoner; "and put a little straw upon the litter, that I may be somewhat comfortable."

While the voltigeurs were thus busy, some constructing the litter, others, in dressing Gianetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared at the turn of the path which led into the copse. The wife was heavily laden with a great sack of chestnuts, while her husband strutted on before, carrying only his gun in his hand, with another slung in his shoulder-belt; for it is thought unseemly amongst men of his class in Corsica to carry any other burden than fire-arms.

At sight of the soldiers near his house, Mateo's first thought was that they had come to arrest him. But wherefore? Had he done anything of late to embroil him with the authorities? No; he could call to mind nothing. He enjoyed a good character, — as characters go in Corsica. He had a very fair répute; but then he was a Corsican and a mountaineer; and there are perhaps few of such who, if they ransack their memory, will not find recorded there some peccadillo or other, — such as a musket shot, a dagger-stroke, and such small matters. But then Mateo at this precise time had his conscience even clearer than most people in this respect; for it was now some ten years since he had drawn trigger on a man. Being always wary, however, he put himself in a position of defence, and determined to advance cautiously.

"Wife," said he to Guiseppe, "set down the sack, and hold yourself in readiness." She did so in an instant. He unslung his second gun, and gave it to her to hold. Carrying the other in his hand, he advanced slowly towards the house, ready, at the slightest hostile demonstration, to throw himself behind the biggest trunk of a tree he could find, from the cover of which he might securely deliver his fire. His wife quietly followed his steps. The business of a good helpmate in Corsica, we may remark, is, in case of a fight, to charge the arms of her husband.

On the other hand, the adjutant was very much concerned at seeing Mateo advance in this manner, with cautious steps, his gun in his hand and his finger on the trigger. If, by chance, Gianetto, his prisoner, should prove a relative — no matter how distant — of Mateo or his wife, then, said the adjutant to himself, the contents of these two guns will certainly be lodged in two of us, as sure as a letter by the post, and much quicker, even though I am his relative.

In this dilemma, Gamba ventured on a bold course, which was, to advance frankly to Mateo

and tell him of the whole affair. So he walked forward to meet him; but the short distance which separated him from Mateo seemed terribly long.

"Hallo! ah! my old comrade," cried he, advancing, "how goes it with you? "Don't you know me? "Tis I, your cousin Gamba.

Mateo, without replying a word, stopped, and, as the other spoke, he raised the barrel of his gun, and placed it over his shoulder, as the adjutant joined him.

"Good day, brother," said the adjutant, holding out his hand; "It is a long time since I have seen you."

"Good day, brother."

"I had come to say 'good day' to you in passing, and to my cousin Pepa. We have had a long journey to-day; but we must not complain of our fatigue, for we have made a glorious prize. We have just taken Gianetto Sanpiero."

"God be praised," exclaimed Guiseppa; "he stole a milk goat of ours last week."

These words delighted Gamba.

"Poor devil," said Mateo, "he was hungry."

"The fellow fought like a lion," continued the adjutant, somewhat mortified; "he has killed one of my men, and not content with that, he has broken the arm of Corporal Chardon—but that doesn't matter so much, as he is only a Frenchman. He got himself so thoroughly concealed among your hay that the—himself could not have found him out, had it not been for my little cousin Fortunato."

"Fortunato?" cried Mateo.

"Fortunato?" repeated Guiseppa.

"Yes, Gianetto lay hidden beneath the hayrick there, but my little cousin pointed out the scoundrel. I will tell his uncle of it, to his praise; and his name, as well as theirs, shall appear in the report of the transaction which I will send in to the Advocate General."

"Curses!" muttered Mateo to himself.

They had by this time come up to the group before the cottage. Gianetto lay stretched upon the litter, and the party was ready to start for the town. When the prisoner saw Mateo advancing with Gamba, he smiled bitterly, and turning his head towards the door of the house, he spat at the threshold, crying, "House of a traitor!"

Only a man reckless of death durst venture thus to pronounce the word "traitor," applying it to Mateo Falcone. A thrust of the dagger, not needing to be repeated, would instantly have paid for the insult; but now Mateo made no other sign than to carry his hand to his face, as a man would do who feels himself overwhelmed with shame and ignominy.

Fortunato had entered the house on seeing his father come up. He now approached the

bound bandit, bearing a bowl of milk, which he presented, with abashed eyes, to Gianetto.

"Be off! far from me!" cried the prisoner with a thundering voice. Then, turning towards one of the soldiers, he said, "Comrade, give me a drink." The soldier placed a gourd of water in his hands, and the bandit thanked him—the man with whom, but a few minutes before, he had been exchanging deadly shots. Then he requested the man to fasten his hands so that they might lie across his breast, in place of having them tied behind his back. "I like," said he, "to be laid at my ease." They endeavored to satisfy him; then the adjutant gave the signal to depart, bade adieu to Mateo, and moved off in the direction of the town at a quick pace.

Mateo, Guiseppa, and the boy, went into the cottage. More than ten minutes elapsed before Mateo opened his lips. The boy seemed very uneasy, and anxiously regarded his father and mother by turns; while Mateo, leaning on his gun, eyed his son with a look of terrible anger.

"You begin well!" at last said Mateo, in a calm voice, but frightful to those who knew the nature of the man.

"Father!" cried the boy, advancing with tears in his eyes, as if to throw himself on his knees. But Mateo furiously exclaimed, "Get thee behind me!" And the boy stopped and sobbed, standing immovable at a few paces off.

Guiseppa approached. She had caught sight of the watch-chain, the end of which hung from the shirt breast of Fortunato.

"Who has given thee this watch?" she asked, in a severe tone.

"My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, and dashing it violently on the hearthstone, broke it into a hundred pieces.

"Wife," cried he, "is this boy mine?"

The brown cheeks of Guiseppa became instantly red. "What say you, Mateo? Do you know what frightful words you have said?"

"Well! this boy is the first of his race that has played the traitor."

The crying and sobbing of Fortunato redoubled, but Mateo kept his lynx eyes, lighted up with a kind of subdued fury, constantly fixed on him. At last he struck the ground with the butt-end of his gun, then rose, threw it over his shoulder, and took the road towards the copse, calling on Fortunata to follow him. The boy obeyed.

Guiseppa ran after Mateo, and seized him by the arm. "He is thy son," said she, with a voice full of trembling, and fixing her dark eyes upon those of her husband, as if to read what was passing in his darkened soul.

"Leave me alone," said Mateo, shaking her off; "I am his father."

Giuseppa clasped and kissed her son, and returned weeping into the cabin. She threw herself on her knees before a rude image of the Virgin, and prayed to it with fervor.

Meanwhile Falce proceeded about two hundred paces along the foot-path, and then descended into a little ravine where he stopped. He sounded the earth with the butt of his gun, and found it was soft and easy to dig. The place was suitable for his purpose.

"Fortunato, go and stand beside that big stone."

The boy did as he was bidden, and then he knelt down.

"Say thy prayers."

"My father, my father, do not kill me."

"Say thy prayers!" repeated Mateo, in a terrible voice. The boy, sobbing and weeping, repeated the *Pater* and the *Credo*. His father, in a loud voice, responded *Amen!* at the end of each prayer.

"Are these all the prayers that you know?"

"My father, I still know the *Ave Maria* and the *Litanie*, which my aunt taught me."

"It is very long—but never mind, go on."

The boy said the *Litanie* in a faint voice.

"Have you done?"

"Oh, my father, mercy! Pardon me! I will never do the like again! I will pray my cousin, the corporal, to get Gianetto forgiven!"

He went on speaking. Mateo raised his gun and levelled it at the youth, saying, "May God pardon thee!" The boy made a desperate effort to rise and run to his father's knees. But there was not time. Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell dead.

Without casting one glance at the corpse, Mateo took the road towards his home for a spade wherewith to dig a grave for his boy. He had not gone many steps before he met Giuseppa, who had ran out alarmed at the sound of the gun-shot.

"What hast thou done?" she cried.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine: I am going to bury him. He died like a Christian: I will have a mass said for him. And let my son-in-law, Tiodoro Bianchi, be sent for to come and live with us now."

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing,
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed—
Yet their lavish spending,
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures!
From fair nature learn;
Give thy love,—and ask not,
Wait not a return!

And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

Household Words.

ETERNITY.—STEWART.

Thou rollest on, O deep, unmeasured sea!
Thy length and depth, a mystery profound;
Days, weeks, years, centuries in immensity,
Pass on, nor leave a footstep or a sound.
Thou lightest up thy smooth, unwrinkled brow,
Beyond the limits of the utmost thought,—
A shoreless space, where ages mutely bow
Like bubbles on thy bosom, and are not.
We hear the tramp of feet, we see the throng
Of generations flashing through the gloom:
They fade, and others rise; and far along
Thy cavern yawns, and nature finds her tomb
In thee. But thou, nor young, nor old, art ever
more
One all-pervading space,—a sea without a shore.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. 7 volumes. Little, Brown & Company. ["We are Seven." Seven beautiful volumes ye are! And ye are all here. What a noble present this would be for!—! But we cannot afford to part with them: they are so beautiful in type and printing—and so neatly bound—and above all so convenient in size. We shall never read our super-royal octavo again. That was a well edited, and well printed edition. But we cannot give it away—for it is too much worn to be presentable; and too old a friend to be parted with. And somebody will be glad of the opportunity of making a present so acceptable to the receiver, and so honorable to the taste of the giver.

The press-work of these volumes is so well done by Metcalf & Company of Cambridge, that it will bear comparison with any London printing. American printers are sometimes too much in haste, to give a full, distinct, black impression. Good type, and good paper are wasted if by default of the printer there be an irregular or light impression.]

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